

THE LIVING AGE



CONTENTS for June, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

THE GUIDE POST

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED'S new book, *England's Crisis*, may mark a turning point in British history because it presents a convincing picture of unrelieved gloom at a time when the English themselves are becoming aware of the dangerous position they occupy. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *London Observer*, acknowledges his country's debt to M. Siegfried but explains why he still believes that England will pull through. H. N. Brailsford, an adherent of the left wing of the British Labor Party, answers in a different vein, contending that the future well-being of England depends on an extension of privileges to the working class. Paul Cohen-Portheim, the author of a recent book entitled *England, The Unknown Isle*, describes the changes that have already occurred and prophesies a much rosier future than M. Siegfried.

BECAUSE *El Sol* of Madrid has consistently featured the writings of the intellectual leaders of the Spanish Republic, we naturally turn to its columns for an authentic interpretation of the latest European revolution. Luis Arquistain not only sets forth the ideas that animated the Republican movement, but expresses himself in a style that illustrates what manner of men are now in charge of Spain.

THAT wayworn but not weary wanderer, Colin Ross, devotes himself to the familiar theme of Franco-German understanding. The basic fact of modern European politics, a fact that becomes more obvious every day, is that a new war will surely occur unless France and Germany can come to some far-reaching and fundamental agreement. The friction between these two countries, caused largely by ambitious politicians and, to a lesser extent, by shortsighted business and

financial leaders, illustrates all too painfully the harm that dead forces and traditions can do in the world.

WRITING from the Orient, a Frenchman with strongly pro-Japanese sympathies gives a first-hand description of the conflicting forces now at work in China. He shows the Chinese divided against themselves and threatened with a real Communist menace—not the kind that Representative Hamilton Fish talks about—and intimates that a second Russo-Japanese war is inevitable. He also intimates that European trade in China will stand or fall with the success of Japanese arms.

WE ARE presenting something in the way of a novelty in the form of three frankly economic articles. Readers of *THE LIVING AGE* do not need to be reminded that economic forces are the determining ones at the present time, but they are perhaps less aware of how difficult it is to explain economic subjects clearly and accurately. Charles N. Edge, a British economist living in New York who has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* of London, offers a metaphorical explanation of how the modern nations have contracted their war debts and then how they are attempting to reduce them by various methods of taxation. Richard von Kühlmann, formerly an official in the German Foreign Office, explains how Germany can come out of the present crisis, which, he argues, is not without precedent and which does not mean the end of all things. Finally, the latest annual report of the Kreuger and Toll Company of Stockholm presents about the clearest and most comprehensive picture of the world depression that we have seen anywhere.

(Continued on page 423)

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



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The World Over

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION has been called the most important event in Europe since the War because it represents a new and sudden development of the world revolution through which all of us are living and of which the War itself was but a part. This world revolution—comparable in scope and significance to the Reformation or to the Industrial Revolution—resembles all great historic changes in that it has overthrown certain institutions as no longer adequate to the needs of the day.

Spain, having been spared the War, grew steadily for thirty years into a modern state which finally dispensed with an antiquated form of government. In Russia, Germany, and Austria, the privations of war hastened the same change that has just been wrought in Spain by six years of stupid dictatorship. It would be tempting indeed to speculate on where the next breakdown will occur and what institution in what country will be the next to give way, but we shall stand on surer ground if we confine ourselves to the present and to Spain.

The activity of various groups of workers in behalf of the Republic attests to the economic background of the Spanish revolt. The Socialist Party and the General Union of Workers were, in fact, chiefly responsible for Alfonso's flight, because they threatened to call a general strike unless he left the country. The variety and nature of the demands in their programme show how many changes were necessary:—

Suffrage for citizens over twenty-one years old; the eight-hour day; unemployment relief; model tenements for workers; social insurance; adequate schools; a law to facilitate the development of workers' coöperatives; and the following agrarian legislation: accident insurance for agricultural workers; a twenty-year minimum on rural land leases; indemnification of tenant for improvements; limitation of rentals to equivalent of interest on the assessed value of the land; prohibition of subleasing; obligatory intensive cultivation of land; confiscation of land not cultivated for four years, said land to be surrendered to agrarian workers' societies to be cultivated in common under the technical direction of the state.

The Communists, as usual, were dissatisfied and prepared the following manifesto of their own, which was distributed on the sidewalks of Madrid:—

Workmen, peasants, and soldiers! The middle-class Republic proclaimed on April 14 is essentially concerned with the preservation of society in its present form and is thereby impeding social revolution. The working classes of city and field must not fall into the grievous error of considering as their own a Republic wherein all economic and social privileges are reserved to the classes in power. A Republic that does not hand over the land to the peasants and the monopolies, banks, and trusts to the working classes is not and cannot be considered a Republic of the workers. A Republic which retains the services of the Civil Guard, those murderers of the workers, and which maintains intact the privileges of generals is nothing but the servant of capital, utilizing the clergy to maintain its hold on the minds and consciences of the workers.

Luis Araquistain, one of the foremost spokesmen of the middle-class Liberals, whom the Communists particularly despise, sounded off for the Republic in a short blast delivered some days before he wrote his more considered essay that we present elsewhere in this issue:—

The Spanish revolution signifies a rehabilitation so long overdue that its failure to appear has been humiliating us before the world. It should serve as an example to countries that are still governed by illegal force—to Italy, which has been degraded by bloody Fascist theatricality, to all European and American nations that are ruled by minor dictatorships, and to those anachronistic German nationalists who still dream of restoring the monarchy.

In a few days Spain has redeemed herself from the ignominy that she had incurred by enduring without protest for centuries the crimes and errors of a corrupt government, and by allowing herself gradually to descend to the level of proletarianized nations that are regarded by greedy international capitalists as potential colonies. But she has at last shown herself to be a master of democratic revolution, endowed with a natural aptitude for self-government. Now indeed Spain is worthy of belonging to the League of Nations.

This revolution definitely incorporates Spain into Europe and Catalonia into Spain. It makes possible intelligent friendship with the Portuguese Republic and, finally, it brings to a close a cycle of political revolutions begun by the Spanish family in America more than a century ago.

So much for the intellectual justification of the revolt. Let us turn again to the Socialist Party and the General Union of Workers, whose

manifesto expressed more boldly the feelings of an awakened working class:—

The Spanish proletariat, which became revolutionary during eight years of political ignominy, is to-day on a holiday. The last Bourbon has crossed the frontier, never to return, and with him goes a contemptible régime in which systematic robbery and despotism, incarnated in the person of the fugitive ex-King, were raised to the category of a system of government. The Spanish Republic, of which we should be the vigilant guardians, essentially belongs to us, because it was created with our support and must be perfected by our support.

The hardest task lies before us. The capitalist régime is openly disintegrating everywhere. It is incapable of solving the problems it has created. Unemployment has become a tragic nightmare in nearly every country, especially in those where capitalism has reached its highest development. Everything points to a rapid decomposition of the bourgeois régime. The workers and Socialists of the world are facing a period that will require their greatest efforts, and the best work we can do for the future is to protect our class organizations.

What stands in the way of social revolution in Spain—as distinguished from the political revolution that has already occurred—is the Catalan question. Salvador de Madariaga's excellent book entitled *Spain*, recently published in the United States by Scribner's, not only anticipates much that has happened in recent weeks but also gives an excellent analysis of Spanish character. In spite of the revolutionary fervor in both Madrid and Barcelona, the inhabitants of the two cities are so different that they will not find it easy to work together. The Castilian respects authority and has the makings of a good Socialist, but the Catalan is a born anarchist and, though his first acquaintance with Communism may have caused some explosions, he is not likely to submit to the strict discipline that Communism demands. Nor is the psychological contrast between Madrid and Barcelona the only force working against social revolution in Spain. The Roman Catholic Church, although quite reconciled to a Republic, would surely assert its great influence if the political revolution should threaten to become social.

Spain's foreign policy is not expected to undergo any immediate change as a result of the revolution. The new government has too many domestic problems on its hands to assert itself effectively in Europe and alter the present balance of power. The French, however, fear that the Republicans, many of whom opposed the Riffian war against Abd-el-Krim, will not apply a strong hand to Morocco and that European prestige in North Africa will suffer accordingly. In the League of Nations, too, the French believe that the Spanish Republicans will be less obliging than the Monarchists. A contributor to the *Intransigent* laments the departure of Señor Quiñones de León from the Embassy in Paris because of the valuable services he rendered France, notably by intervening at Geneva over the Upper Silesian question. Also in the New

World the Republic is likely to pursue in the long run a more liberal policy than the monarchy. Needless to say, there is no thought of political ambition, and even commercially the new Government will be far less aggressive than the British Laborites or the Prince of Wales. But the existence of a Republic in Spain will inevitably turn the eyes of South Americans toward Europe and cultural bonds are likely to be strengthened. That is to say, more lecturers from Spain and more Spanish ideas will circulate through Latin America, to the almost inevitable detriment of Chevrolet and Frigidaire sales.

PHILIP SNOWDEN'S third Budget will be memorable rather for his plan to tax land values than for his false optimism about trade recovery. Indeed, his hopes of an early return to prosperity differ from Mr. Hoover's only in that his expression of them did not produce a financial panic. As the *London Times* remarked:—

The outstanding features of Mr. Snowden's Budget, in fact, are a quite unwarranted optimism and a misplaced fertility of make-shift expedients. In spite of every prospect of a continuance of the world depression, at any rate for many months to come, Mr. Snowden professes to believe that on the present basis of taxation the total yield from taxes next year will only fall short of last year's receipts by just over a million pounds.

The sad truth is that British Socialists and American Republicans, although poles apart in many respects, are both suffering the responsibilities of office, and it is therefore part of their business to hope for the best. But the *Times*, and other Conservative London journals, seem to think that there is something very wrong, not only with things as they are, but with the Labor Party's method of dealing with them, especially since Mr. Snowden has anticipated income tax collections in such a way that the taxpayer will have to pay a year and a quarter's income tax in the space of a single year. The *Morning Post*, most reactionary of all London papers, complains that oil, 'which is of prime importance to industry,' has been taxed more heavily in preference to increasing the tax on 'some poor man's luxury such as tobacco.' The Budget itself is described by the *Post* as 'a landmark of obstinacy, waste, and oppression, which will still further precipitate our descent into bankruptcy.'

The *Daily Herald*, official organ of the Labor Party, comes to quite a different conclusion:—

The Chancellor has not only provided for the present; he is providing for the future by including in the Finance Bill provision for the valuation of land and the levying of a tax of one penny in the pound on its capital value. That long overdue measure will arouse the fiercest and most passionate opposition from the Tory Land Lords.

For they rightly see in it a deadly blow at the privileged landowning class that is the backbone of Toryism and reaction. The struggle against the powers and privileges of landlordism is as old as the democratic movement in this country. No attack of democracy has evoked a more bitter and stubborn resistance than attack by the weapon of taxation.

But this time the resistance is doomed to be broken down. Both the valuation machinery and the tax itself will be provided for in the Finance Bill. And the House of Lords can neither amend nor reject the Finance Bill. The passage of the Land Values Tax is assured. And it is this which will make Mr. Snowden's third Budget a landmark in our financial history.

But Mr. Snowden has not only applied to England the theory of the 'Single Tax,' originated in America by Henry George; he has also discovered a source of revenue that will secure from the landowners as much money as the Tories would secure from the community at large by a protective tariff.

A BRITISH ECONOMIST named A. E. Feaveryear has contributed an article to the *Economic Journal* estimating how the national income of Great Britain was spent between the years 1924 and 1927. He has divided expenditures into thirteen classes and uses the figures of the Census of Production, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Inland Revenue returns, the railway returns, and other authoritative sources. Here is the table that summarizes his findings:—

ANALYSIS OF THE AVERAGE ANNUAL NATIONAL EXPENDITURE, 1924-27

	MILLION £
Food.....	1,217
Maintenance of the home.....	513
Clothes.....	436
Direct taxation.....	375
Liquor.....	308
Travel.....	240
Smoking.....	116
Entertainments and sport.....	85
Sickness, accidents, and State Insurance.....	83
Religion.....	42
Reading.....	37½
Miscellaneous.....	150
Saving (including new houses and furniture, 96 million).....	400
Balance unaccounted for.....	185½
Total.....	4,188

The total of £4,188,000,000 represents the national income for 1924 as compiled by Sir Josiah Stamp, and Mr. Feaveryear's investigation

of his thirteen sources of expenditure leaves only 4.4 per cent of this income unaccounted for. An immense quantity of this money goes into the Government Exchequer—notably, £136,000,000 from the national drink bill of £308,000,000. The small sum spent on games belies the popular conception of the Englishman as primarily a sport-loving animal.

THE VISIT to Washington of Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, has given rise to rumors of a plan to set up an international financial company, backed by the major industrial concerns of Europe, to stimulate and direct investment with the aid of the Bank for International Settlements. 'Pertinax,' writing in the *Echo de Paris*, attacks the scheme on the supposition that it would force the French to lend money to the Germans and that the Americans would never agree to it unless the French did too. The *Week-end Review* of London is a good deal more hopeful. It refers to the 'very illuminating Kreuger and Toll Report,' which we are reproducing in part in this issue and which emphasizes the ruinously high rates of interest now being charged in Eastern and Central Europe. At present, international lending is insufficient in amount and misdirected in destination and the Bank for International Settlements ought to provide the machinery for extending more credit so that less money will be invested in gilt-edge securities. The *Week-end Review* arrives at this conclusion:—

Being at least partly a crisis of underconsumption, the present depression cannot be solved solely by rationalization, or by wage-cutting, or by insulating home markets; the only permanent remedy must be a great extension of consumer credit facilities. The failure of the consumer to do his office and consume is not due to pig-headedness or to lack of confidence; it is due to the classical economic fact that the goods are not available on terms that he can meet. Individuals, firms, industries, and states all need better hire-purchase machinery in order to set the world's factories and agriculture to work. The problem of production having in the main been solved, it is necessary to face the problem of consumption before the whole structure breaks down. But consumer credit is essentially not an industrial but a financial problem, and to that extent industry is justified in blaming finance for its troubles.

FEW OF THE DREARY prophecies made by British die-hards ten years ago when the words, 'Home Rule for Ireland,' were mentioned have come true. The *Spectator*, for instance, has brought out a special Irish number describing the charms and achievements of the Free State and containing more than enough testimony to prove that the experiment is already a success. Stephen Gwynn, a resident of Dublin and a prolific writer on Irish topics, presents an encouraging picture:—

English people always believed that the Irish demand for Home Rule was a sacrifice of interest to sentiment. Possibly some nationalists thought that there were material advantages in the Union, but a few years in Parliament convinced me theoretically that the House of Commons had neither the time nor the temper to deal with Irish affairs. Within less than ten years self-government has fully justified itself in practice. The Irish Free State is a poor country but a solvent one. It has issued three loans and the stock of all three stands at a premium. Investors at home and financiers abroad have been encouraged by the prudence which not only has paid its yearly expenditure out of revenue but has also met out of current income very large expenses which might have been met by borrowing. The result is that the average citizen finds himself better off than if he lived in Northern Ireland. His income tax is three shillings in the pound against four-and-sixpence. He is affected like everyone by the world-wide stringency, but he is in one of the few countries where unemployment has not increased since 1929, and the insurance fund is so solvent that contributions from employers and employed have been reduced. In short, the Irish Government has played for safety and has got it.

He remarks in conclusion that the Irish idolatry of America and the Irish hatred of England are both diminishing and that the modern Irishman is as polite as can be to visitors from Great Britain.

WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, agrees with the opinion expressed by Colin Ross elsewhere in this issue that France and Germany must come together. Fresh from visits to both Paris and Berlin, M. Martin remarks that the atmosphere in the two capitals is identical and that they are both really eager for understanding. Germany, he points out, has three choices in her foreign policy—coöperation with Russia, Italy, or France. A Russian policy has already been attempted without complete success and Germany now finds herself unable to break off with the Soviet Union for fear of increasing unemployment and unwilling to work more closely for fear of encouraging Communism. The pro-Italian policy urged by the Hitlerites has not been attempted because the Germans have not forgotten the lesson they learned in the War, when Italy broke away from the Triple Alliance and joined the Entente powers. Coöperation with France therefore seems to be the only hope, but before it can be realized the Germans make three demands—Young Plan revision or fresh credits, a Franco-German disarmament agreement to be arrived at before the general conference next year, and reconsideration of the minorities problem.

Surprisingly enough, M. Martin does not believe that the French would turn all three of these proposals down. The matter of credits would be the easiest to arrange, for already French money is entering Germany through Amsterdam and Zürich and it might just as well go direct. Disarmament, according to M. Martin, depends on the 'moral

relations' between the two peoples, and he urges Germany to drop the formula, 'You disarm or we re-arm.' The question of minorities—in other words, Poland—is less delicate, since any sacrifice made in that quarter would be a Polish, not a French, sacrifice, and the French will not necessarily let their friendship for Poland permanently sour their relations with Germany. Of course the question is what Germany can offer in exchange for these advantages. The French are not likely to make sacrifices and concessions simply in order to rehabilitate Germany—however desirable that aim may be. M. Martin therefore prophesies that the tariff union with Austria is going to be the sacrifice that Germany will offer in return for friendship with France.

ANOTHER INTERPRETATION of the Austro-German customs union besides the one suggested by M. Martin has been put forward by Erich Koch-Weser, leader of the liberal State Party in Germany. Although he asserts that he has always favored coöperation with France and has opposed a pro-Russian policy, he feels that the establishment of a customs union that would automatically extend from Austria to all of southeastern Europe is a necessary preliminary to Franco-German understanding. He has small hopes of free trade throughout the world in the near future, but he does feel that the time has come to erect large, self-sufficient free-trade groups. He recognizes that a united Europe can be created only if France and Germany come together, but he insists that Germany's most pressing duty at the moment is to save southeastern Europe from Bolshevism. Germany, he argues, stands as the natural bulwark between Russia and Europe, and he urges the Social Democrats, who hate Communism anyway, to recognize that an understanding between Germany and Austria is the first step toward a better Europe.

ITALY was slow to decide what attitude to take on the question of the Austro-German customs union because it did not know whether it would have more to fear from French or German ascendancy in the Balkans. Mussolini at first announced that the proposed agreement could not be looked upon favorably, but a few days later the Government officially announced that it indorsed the English view and that the League of Nations was the suitable arbiter. Since that time the Fascist press has pointed out that the incorporation of Germany and Austria would reestablish the very conditions against which the Allied Powers fought in the World War. But perhaps the most ironical aspect of Italy's present position is that she finds herself falling back for the first time on

the League of Nations. Of course, there is every reason why she should not court the enmity of either France or Germany and why she should coöperate as closely as possible with England, but the fact that these necessities have thrown the Fascists into the arms of the League is a happy augury for the future effectiveness of that organization.

AN EXCHANGE of pleasantries in the French Senate between Henry Bérenger and Aristide Briand gave Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, his text for a leading editorial on Franco-Russian trade. M. Bérenger had been pointing out that France spends 800,000,000 francs a year buying goods from Russia and that Russia spends only 300,000,000 francs in France. 'Of the 800,000,000,' asked M. Briand, 'how much is spent buying oil for the navy?' 'About 500,000,000, in round figures,' Senator Bérenger replied. 'Then,' said M. Briand, 'the navy is responsible for the whole of the deficit in the Franco-Russian trade balance.'

Although M. Lauzanne admits that the French Navy saves about 100,000,000 francs a year by making these purchases from Russia, it has no guarantee that deliveries of oil will be continued in the event of war. Not only have Dutch and American companies offered contracts promising such deliveries,—which in themselves should be worth many extra million in case of emergency,—but M. Lauzanne feels that there is something unpleasantly ironic about the French Navy's allowing its money to go to a country that is spreading the very ideas against which France may some day have to fight. M. Lauzanne therefore suggests establishing a central office which will attend to all the buying and selling between France and Russia and which will arrange to maintain a certain balance of trade. Italy already has such an office, and, though it does help to check the vastly overadvertised peril of dumping, it tends to bring international trade back to a basis of barter and to leave the international bankers out in the cold.

AFTER mentioning the happy effects produced by the invitation of the British Government to Brüning and Curtius to visit Chequers in early June, the Berlin correspondent of the Conservative *Saturday Review* of London points out that domestic conditions in Germany have not improved. He writes as follows:—

In spite of the undoubted strengthening of Herr Brüning's position, it would be a serious mistake to take an unduly optimistic view of German internal affairs. It is true that the present Chancellor has been successful in gaining the confidence of the moderate sections, both of the bourgeois parties and the Social Democrats, but unfortunately the adherents of the moderate parties continue to decrease in numbers to the advantage of the radicals, right and left.

The spectacular development of the National Socialist movement has attracted public attention to such an extent that the rapid growth of Communism is apt to be overlooked. In the opinion of careful observers, a general election held at the present time would return a Reichstag in which the Communists and the Nazis would be the strongest parties. It is an open question which of the two radical movements would return the larger number of delegates.

Although the National Socialists have borrowed their methods from the Communists, the resemblance between the two parties goes no further. The Communists have united leadership and definite tactics, both as a party of opposition and as a party in power. If their growth continues they will not be halted, as the National Socialists were, by a lack of programme.

IMPRESSIVE FIGURES have been appearing in *Pravda* of Moscow showing the progress made by the Five-Year Plan. The oil industry has already completed its goal and is setting out on a second little Five-Year Plan of its own, having increased its output threefold since 1913. Also, as compared with 1913, steel production has doubled, electric power has more than doubled, coal production has risen from twenty-nine million tons a year to eighty-three millions. The progress in agriculture under the Five-Year Plan is equally remarkable. In 1927, 85 per cent of the Russian grain came from the poor peasants, 13 per cent from the kulaks, and 2 per cent from the collective farms. This year it is estimated that the communal farms will produce just over 50 per cent of the grain, the poor peasants 46.8 per cent, and the kulaks 2.5 per cent. Allowing for exaggeration and even admitting that the Five-Year Plan may not entirely succeed, these figures at least indicate that Russia is advancing with unprecedented rapidity at a time when almost all the other nations are falling back.

H. G. WELLS once remarked that the celebrated British sense of humor was simply the emotional outlet of an evasive race that preferred to ridicule certain disagreeable facts rather than face them. Perhaps the fear of falling into this particular form of hypocrisy is responsible for the lack of humor in the official press of Russia, where the jokes are as full of propaganda as the leading editorials. A recent issue of *Krokodil*, one of the oldest Soviet humorous publications, depicts on its frontispiece a broken-down automobile that a group of high-hatted capitalists are vainly trying to repair while a new Russian car, painted red, drives triumphantly forward. On the back page three persons are shown concealed behind signs that read, 'Shame,' 'Our Factory on the Blacklist,'

'We Raise the Alarm.' The point of this joke, which has to be explained even to the Russians, is that the people who shout loudest about the failure of a factory are sometimes the very ones responsible. The one place that real humor can be found in modern Russia is in the word-of-mouth story. One of the most popular anecdotes of this kind describes two citizens who meet each other, when the Five-Year Plan is completed, flying airplanes. One shouts, 'I am going to see whether I can find any eggs in Kiev.' The other replies, 'I'm coming back. There are n't any.'

WRITING FROM TOKYO, Professor Theodor Sternberg, a special correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes Japan as suffering more from the world depression than any other country. Although the Japanese have no reparations to pay and but few to receive, they are suffering from a shrinkage of 31 per cent in their foreign trade as compared with 9 per cent in Germany and 16 per cent in England and the United States—and their domestic business is said to have diminished even more. According to Professor Sternberg, the millionaire class is the only social group in Japan that does not believe the present crisis to be fundamental. The expenditures of the lower class of industrial workers, peasants, and petty shopkeepers have shrunk one-third, and the professional groups are scarcely better off. Although lawyers form the backbone of the country's political structure, many of them are now seeking vainly for employment, and there is simply no chance at all for young men. As for the physicians, their practice in the cities has fallen off so much that many of them are moving to the country districts. The results of the depression can be seen everywhere. Railway trains that used to have two crowded second-class carriages now have but one—and that one nearly empty. The streets are filled with beggars and hawkers. The older generation remains faithful to the Emperor, but the young people are adopting revolutionary ideas from Europe, which the Government helps to popularize by its angry attempts at censorship. No wonder there are rumors of impending war with Russia at a time when so much discontent exists at home.

André Siegfried's new book, *England's Crisis*, serves as a text for two very different native interpretations of the present outlook. Third comes a German visitor to London who discerns many signs of hope and rehabilitation.

ENGLAND Comes To

By THREE CONFLICTING
CRITICS

I. SIEGFRIED ON ENGLAND

By J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer*, London Independent Sunday Paper

‘WHY beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?’ Never, it appears, was less love lost between nations than in the present phase of peace. They talk of mechanical cures for psychological maladies, but the last thing they think of is to disarm their own barbed tongues. Recently a witty German who had learned his style in Paris wrote a book called *Is God French?* and with a more than Gallic irony he probed all our neighbor’s weaknesses. Now it is our turn, and a Frenchman, well acquainted with us up to a point, excels all other efforts so far in this international exchange of pretty offices.

But of *England’s Crisis*, by a writer

so serious and accomplished as Professor André Siegfried, there is one thing to say. However hard may be so much unpleasant physic to swallow—the prolonged doses are enough to try the stoutest stomach—and however past excuse may be the tone he too often permits himself, his book is a masterpiece of its kind and must be read. It must be read and pondered by every intelligent citizen in every party. True, there is nothing new in any separate detail; nothing that has not been said by a thousand English thinkers to whose work their debtor pays scant acknowledgment. But he brings all the material together, marshals it exactly, and reduces it to small compass with a lucidity beyond praise.

By far the best statement and analysis of the bad facts which must be faced if they are to be mastered, *England's Crisis* is a model of compression and clear skill.

We shall have a crow or two to pluck with M. Siegfried before we are done, but there is no doubt of his sincerity. He must be stomached, we repeat, because the first question, as he sees, is whether England to-day can stand any attempt to tell the whole truth about what is and what may be. If not,—and he thinks not,—there is no hope for us. If yes,—and we think yes,—there is surer and plainer hope for us than he is willing to conceive.

M. Siegfried has been reading the Bible, though not apparently the sixth chapter of Luke. He begins, a little incautiously, by extensive warnings from the Book of Job. The fallen estate of John Bull, once so rich and mighty, with half a world directly or virtually in fee, he likens to Job in his affliction, but without anything like the same chance of comfort from the returning favor of the Lord. Then, as he proceeds, chapter after chapter, with his home truths and rebukes, with charts and statistics, he suggests that our punishment unto ruin is not only probable but deserved; and he surpasses all Job's comforters. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar put together were not equal to him.

Our professor's main opinion is that all the foundations of our former greatness, commercial, financial, naval, imperial, are passing away—that we are losing even our old foundations of character—that our present policy of unparalleled taxation, and of social subsidies unknown elsewhere, points to national suicide under our demo-

cratic régime. Amid these immense misfortunes, says M. Siegfried, the fatalistic indifference and inertia—nay, the infatuated complacency—of the English nation presents a spectacle for gods and fishes. It still assumes that somehow it will 'muddle through,' though this simply cannot be done in modern economic competition. An imperial people whose vigor and fibre for so many generations were worthy of its fame and possessions is now drugged by sport and the dole. '*Panem et circenses*' again.

The King's word of thirty years ago, 'Wake up England!' is far more urgent than then, but you might almost as well try to wake the dead. It is hard, says our French critic, for England to know how to act; but, even if her people had enough general intelligence to see what to do, it is unlikely that they would have enough intellectual decision and moral energy to do it. Any party which dared to tell the truth would lose the elections!

M. SIEGFRIED discusses facts, causes, and remedies. Let us follow him in that order. First we summarize his chapters upon the facts. World trade has largely increased since the War, but the British share of it has as heavily declined, especially in the vital matter of exports, formerly our pride and mainstay. Other nations are bent more and more on supplying themselves; they will not give up their protectionist practice; it will develop more widely, as witness India. In living recollection, Britain raised as much coal and made as much iron and steel as all other countries put together; and visitors came from all parts to study our flourishing agri-

culture. Now, leaving aside what has happened to agriculture, all our old staple trades, coal, metals, textiles, are in jeopardy. The secondary industries, however valuable in themselves, are not a sufficient substitute.

Whether in bad times or good, we have had since the War the highest permanent rate of unemployment relative to our small increase of population. 'Imperial unity is a fiction' anyhow. While measures for promoting intra-imperial trade may do something, they cannot be more than a palliative.

What are the causes? Partly they are beyond British control, owing to the industrial development of the globe; England, once 'the workshop of the world,' is but one of many workshops and not the largest. Partly, 'the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.' In that sense M. Siegfried examines two kinds of causes. First, financial and fiscal; secondly, social and moral.

Our financial and fiscal system tends, like no other existing, to embarrass production, to stimulate foreign imports, to hinder exports, to undermine our whole competitive capacity. 'Costs, costs, costs' are the bane of our selling power. Forced up and kept up by various factors peculiar to Britain, they must come down if there is to be any solution. What of taxation? In our honest vanity we were stupid not to scale down our war debts like France and Germany. We have been worse than stupid in supposing that, as a unique superpeople, we could sustain that colossal burden and yet pile up on ourselves at the same time another huge liability in the shape of unexampled social subsidies.

Not only so. Wages are the highest

known in proportion to product, yet remain fixed, while prices fall, and so become an increasing check on selling power and competitive capacity. Trade-union rules are still an obstinate impediment to technical progress, and a cause of further expense. The British manufacturer has to meet the highest charges in the world relative to output, yet he has the most uncertain market in face of increasing protection abroad and increasing foreign imports at home. It is more difficult for unsheltered British employers than for their competitors to create the best organization on the human side, and more hazardous for them to stake the capital required for installing the best modern equipment instead of obsolete plant. 'Costs, costs, costs' are truly described in *England's Crisis* as a national menace.

M. SIEGFRIED writes a measured and tremendous indictment of the dole. That is the best thing in his book, and we wish we had space to quote every word of it. To a French economist belonging to a land where thrift is meticulous and self-help is second nature, the demoralizing facilities and abuses of the dole seem appalling. He describes the collapse of genuine insurance and the falsification of accounts by introducing into the system poor-law subsidies without the name. He calls it 'a terrifying system,' deadly in direct and indirect effects on national life and character. 'The most dangerous and also the most subtle effect of paid unemployment is the slow breaking down of the will to work.'

But M. Siegfried thinks himself entitled to go further. He sees nearly

everywhere in England, by comparison with other countries, a weakening of the will to work. He sees it in all classes. Looking back through several decades of acquaintance with this country, he considers that intellectual exertion has declined; that the craving for leisure and pleasure has increased; that sport has become a mania. The average Englishman to-day, he asserts, hates nothing so much as serious thinking, and will fly instead to any sort of distraction. Work is no longer the first of games as well as the first of duties. The atmosphere of the public schools and older universities encourages playing more than working. In this respect all balance has been lost. The English speak much of keeping their bodies 'fit,' but not of keeping their minds fit.

Hence, says the author of *England's Crisis*, so many 'dud' directors in correct costume with spats complete—this is one of the malicious strokes—who are only nominally educated and will not or cannot give the unsparing concentration and intense interest required to-day for the mastery of any considerable business exposed to competition:—

French captains of industry who go to England to discuss with their opposite numbers the various problems common to international production have almost always brought back the same impression. They were not dealing with men of technical ability, or even of a general culture, equal to their own. Foreign engineers visiting England . . . report the same thing.

Similarly the British workingman and his wife are neither trained nor inclined—says our censor—to take the trouble required for economic efficiency in their private affairs; and with all their higher wages, amply

supplemented by social contributions, they do not get much more out of life than the working classes in France, Germany, and Italy—perhaps not as much. In short, Professor Siegfried finds that the British people do not know what world they are living in, or what sort of forethought for the national future is required; that they have become slacker and easier by comparison with their competitors just when their utmost exertions are required; that 'an expensive atmosphere' pervades the whole country; that Britain from top to bottom is living beyond its means and must bring down its traditional habits and 'pretensions.'

If we continued on present lines what would be the end of it all? In that case, concludes this part of the argument, our selling power would decline and our competitive capacity die out. We should cease to be a great nation, at least in any economic sense. Our power of accumulating capital would be diminished until the lessened supply could no longer bear the present vast drain upon it by the state.

WHAT of the remedies? As usual in this kind of criticism, when Professor Siegfried passes to the discussion of constructive possibilities, his method, though still elaborate, throws little light. After all, it is not his country, and he has not faith enough to be useful, and almost in spite of himself he continues to pour cold water on every positive proposal. He assumes that the situation will be relieved to some extent by the pressure of necessity. This will lower wages and compel reduction of the dole and other subsidies. In little more than ten years the increase

of our population will be negligible, if it has not begun actually to decline. This should bring unemployment to a minimum and further reduce the social subsidies.

Rationalization is essential, but owing to trade-unionism it is harder to carry out than elsewhere, and it cannot be sufficient by itself. For inflation it is too late; and the sensitiveness of our credit system to international influences would make it too perilous. A capital levy? Virtually, through death duties and surtax, a continuous capital levy of the severest kind is in operation already and is already tending to dry up the sources of social subsidies.

What is left? At this point M. Siegfried comes to the question of protection and imperial preference. He is inadequate and disappointing on both, for he seems to know the old arguments against the great change-over much better than he knows the literature in favor of it or the history of the case, wherein he makes various mistakes, surprising in a volume written in this tone of instruction. Chapter after chapter of *England's Crisis* shows that there is no prospect of general free trade or anything like it and no hope at all for England in the continuance of 'free imports without free trade.' He sees this. He thinks that Great Britain has become protectionist at heart, and that the experiment will no doubt be tried since no other great effort is open. But, naturally, he does not like a change-over which would involve some discomfort to France; and he minimizes as much as he can the doctrines and possibilities both of home protection and imperial preference.

The truth is that M. Siegfried,

though bound by etiquette to surmise at the very end that something may save us, does not in his innermost soul believe in us or our future. He throws careful doubt upon every single course we might undertake.

To summarize unflinchingly the arguments of this book we have thought well for two reasons. First, it represents faithfully the view of Britain's position and prospects taken by most of the world. Secondly, it is a contribution to national awakening; we want every man and woman to read it in order that each may take a part in proving it wrong.

We shall answer here by pointing out some considerations deeply underestimated by Professor Siegfried or ignored altogether. The fact is that much of his theme is strange to him. He knew the old forces, especially on the Liberal side, but he does not know the new.

This journal, though its criticism of existing conditions has been drastic, has shown that England has the keys of its fortunes in its own hands. We have more reserves in store than any country in Europe. We have been kept back chiefly by the muddle of the three-party system. Our lecturer does not take into account the strong tendency toward the restoration of a two-party system and the former strength of our political system.

We have the capital for a renewal of vigorous enterprise through the country. Professor Siegfried underestimates especially the peculiar power in this country of a decisive change-over to home protection. We have an immense consuming capacity to bring to the direct reinforcement of British manufacture and employment.

Our imports from the Dominions,

and continents beyond the oceans, are for the most part necessary; not so an enormous mass of our present imports from Europe. Those we could make with advantage for ourselves. Rationalization will have twice as much effect inside the tariff as without it. German and American experts have no doubt that our natural facilities for economic production of iron and steel, for instance, are unrivaled, and that by adding present imports—3,000,000 tons—to our output a renaissance of that great industry can be brought about. M. Siegfried does not appreciate the importance of the national electricity system now progressing, nor does he grasp the fact that Labor and Liberalism, as well as Conservatives, are all in favor of British agricultural revival.

AGAIN, our professor does not understand the arguments of those who advocate the great change-over in fiscal practice. They have thoroughly thought out their subject. It is nonsense to suggest that any one of them contemplates a 'shut-in system' injurious to exporting power. Every competitive country under a home tariff is increasing its exporting power as well. It would be the same with us. Why? Because 'the larger the output, the lower the cost,' and fullest home output is the key of exporting power to-day. A tariff would enable us to secure better terms for our goods abroad. Capital, given equal security with its competitors in the home market, would enter with full vigor upon reëquipment with the latest machinery. Many foreign concerns would have to set up factories here, and a good deal of foreign capital would flow

in. Britain, the only country under free imports without 'free trade,' is the country whose exporting power has shown most decline under the present system. That is no accident.

The prospects of intra-imperial trade under preference are larger than M. Siegfried supposes. Above all, perhaps, in discussing the material factors he overlooks altogether the principal hope. He argues that our old prosperity was founded on coal and the steam engine and is passing away because coal is being displaced by oil. Why is he so sure, if he follows at all the scientific movement? For one thing, coal can be made as economical a source of electric energy as the water power of France. For another, the conversion of coal into oil on commercial terms is coming. This would make our coal fields once more the equivalents of gold fields. It is the most vital of all objects in national affairs. It demands and will receive more decisive encouragement by British governments, irrespective of party, than is now given.

We have still more extensive reserves of capital available for new investment than the author of *England's Crisis* perceives. For its most efficient employment in the interests of British recovery, it only wants the confidence that tariff equality would give.

But have we any longer the brains, energy, and character? On that topic M. Siegfried is merely one-sided. He looked for the worst, and has found it. No doubt it is bad enough, and much must be shaken off. But, when he conveys to his compatriots that this is the only tale, while they shrug their shoulders at us we might hold up our hands. He talks of French and other foreign engineers and organizers and their disappointing impressions 'al-

most always' when they come here to meet their opposite numbers. Whom do they meet?

We can well imagine that almost any Frenchman might be misled by the absence of exterior signs in Sir Henry Royce. But British engineering in every kind of technical capacity is unsurpassed, and in some lines foremost. Men and engines together account for the British speed records in air, on land, and on water, for Glen Kidston's flight to the Cape, and Scott's to Australia last week. As for organizers, to the names of Sir William Morris and Lord Weir we could add the names of a thousand others. The astonishing thing is that British heads of business—with financial, fiscal, and trade-union handicaps unknown to their foreign competitors—have not done worse. When M. Siegfried has time to turn his attention to these things, he might ask Sir James Jeans and others to furnish him with a list of the foremost scientists and technicians in Britain. It will be good for him.

'The fault, dear Brutus,' is in ourselves. True, too largely. But Britain's heaviest disability by far is that when

she stood by France in the War she sent more men than history ever knew before to die and shed their blood in the name of alliance upon the soil of a foreign country and poured out treasure in the same direction to an extent far beyond all example. But for that, 'England's Crisis' would not exist; the advantages of France to-day would not have been possible; and Professor Siegfried would have been writing on other matters, had he a French heart left to write at all. If a sympathetic memory of these things is absent from his pages, he has done us a priceless service by warning us to keep out of Continental war for another hundred years. France did far better out of the last war than Britain; but her present relative superiority, brilliant as in many respects it seems, and little as Professor Siegfried spares us the sense of it, cannot remain. Our comforter—equal to the Temanite, the Shuhite, and the Naamathite rolled into one—quotes the early part of the Book of Job as though it were the Book of John Bull in misfortune. Let him not be so certain that the last chapter will never apply. '*Dieu, est-il Français?*' *Mais, non.*

II. ENGLAND LACKS VITALITY

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

From the *New Leader*, London Left-Wing Labor Weekly

A TRAVELER who comes home after a long absence gains something of a foreigner's detachment. The colors of the familiar landscapes stood out for me against Indian deserts and American snows. I had seen the Indian nation with passionate resolution bent on the task of winning self-govern-

ment. I was coming to a land shadowed by a heavy cloud of destiny. Should I find the same courage and a comparable fanaticism under the challenge of our economic problem?

The first impression was painful. We are not facing it; we have found our distraction. I turned over, one

after another, the pages of the penny dailies. The chief preoccupation of this nation was evidently sport. Races and games appeared to be its prime concern; after this, the 'movies' and dress. News, articles, and advertisements conveyed the same impression of frivolity. Marx called religion the people's opiate. Ours is a cruder drug.

One paper, indeed, far above the average in ability, sought to give confidence to its readers. It did so in a triumphant leading article, in which it pointed out that Englishmen had just established a world record for speed in races on land, at sea, and in the air. Clearly, it concluded, this nation is not decadent, and it went on to talk of the splendor of these modern 'Elizabethans.' An advertisement caught my eye on another page: a school was offering 'education' at reduced rates to boys 'good at games.' Perhaps the word 'frivolity' was mistaken. Over some things we are almost as earnest as Indians. For them, freedom; for us, sport.

With this impression fresh in my mind, I fell to reading a notable book, *England's Crisis*, in which a friendly and unusually well informed foreigner studies our case. M. André Siegfried has written the ablest and the frankest of recent studies of America. One turns to his book on England with a mixture of interest and apprehension. It does not disappoint. It is equally frank and very much more friendly, but it is, from first to last, a study of a nation in decline. He pulls himself up, it is true, on the last page, to pen a consoling sentence or two. 'When England changes, we say she is dying, and it is never true.' He credits us with 'unlimited powers of adaptation and life.'

Through the greater part of the book, however, he contrives to forget his own conclusion, and one is not sure that he himself believes it, since nothing in his close and detailed argument supports it. He finds in us 'a subtle trace of laziness.' He lashes our addiction to sport:—

A cricket match becomes a national event that empties the offices and the workshops, monopolizes all attention, and drives care aside. 'National Disaster,' or 'Can England Be Saved?' is written in enormous characters on the newspaper bulletins. Is it the two million unemployed, or the fall in exports? Not at all, it is simply the defeat of a champion cricket team.

He finds us sunk in unparalleled 'mental laziness.' He is distressed by our Micawberlike complacency, our sense of 'regal security,' and our assumption that we shall somehow 'muddle through.' He confronts us with a ruthless analysis of our economic plight. He finds no salvation for us in the programmes of any of the political parties. He sees no hope for us, save that 'every Englishman must modify his way of working, of thinking, and even of living.'

What he means, in plain words, is that we must 'lower the standard of living and work harder.' But this, he knows, we will not do, for 'England is preyed upon by democracy.' He likes us; he finds in us 'an extraordinary charm,' and yet he despises us.

There is nothing radically wrong with this people. They are scrupulously honorable. . . . They are models of patriotism. . . . Yet something is lacking in this nation of honest citizens. They are among the most civilized in the world, and it may be for this very reason *they lack the will to win.* . . . England seems to be lacking in vitality.

The sum of the whole matter is this: we lack the intelligence, or the hard-

ness, or the will 'to turn the corner from the nineteenth into the twentieth century.'

This book, as the reader will have guessed already, is not a Socialist tract. It is written from the standpoint of a French Liberal, whose attitude to the workers is decidedly harsher and much more outspoken than that which any English exponent of the same creed would venture to print. It is, at the same time, shrewd in its analysis and competent in its survey of the economic facts. One can not dismiss it as one might dismiss a similar book by an English writer, as a polemic aimed at us from the opposite camp in the class struggle.

M. Siegfried writes with an astonishing detachment. If he has pages about 'the terrifying dole' which sting and offend, he is equally outspoken about the older generation of our captains of industry, of whom he says that Frenchmen of the same standing felt when they met them that 'they were not dealing with men of technical ability or even of a general culture equal to their own' (though from this condemnation he excepts the young engineers who have had a university training). He is equally severe on the bankers' policy, which, as he fully recognizes, made much of our present difficulty for us by its return to the gold standard at the old parity with the dollar. That, as he clearly sees, has upset our trade balance by encouraging imports and discouraging exports.

But the central point on which he fastens in his analysis of our economic decline is that our wage level is impossibly high. Fortified by the 'dole,' the workers are resolved to maintain it, careless of the fact that they must

compete with wage-earners in Poland, and even in France, whose wages are only half of theirs. While he allows for other handicaps—monetary policy, obsolete equipment, and the individualist structure of the old basic industries—it is to this obstinate maintenance of an unduly high standard of life that he constantly returns as the root cause of our failure to 'turn the corner' between the centuries. We want to live too easily. 'In France we see nothing shameful in cutting down our standard of living, but to the Anglo-Saxon it is humiliating.' It is moreover true, as he says, that the French worker knows how to get from his half wages a standard of life much above what the average English family would obtain from the same money. We are backward in some of the domestic arts.

The argument is well sustained. One reads it with a rising militancy: here is something worth answering. There is not space to do justice to his able handling of statistics. He brings out clearly the fact that whereas before the War we paid by the export of goods for 80 per cent of our imports, we now pay for less than 70 per cent of them in this way. The activities of the broker, the banker, and the shipper are relatively more important. Again he analyzes the destination of our so-called 'savings,' nominally greater, but in purchasing power actually less than before the War. Whereas in 1913, of the issues on the London market, 18 per cent only were for domestic needs, some 74 per cent are now used in this way, and only 26 per cent go to colonial and foreign investment. Before the War English industry supplied its own need for fresh capital from its own accumulations; to-day it

is so stricken that it must appeal to London. Exports, however, tend to follow capital. As we cease to lend abroad, we shall cease to sell.

THE answer in a brief article must be summary and inadequate. Roughly, M. Siegfried's contention is that in this post-war period the manual worker is the victor in the class struggle, and his victory spells disaster. His wages (and his dole) have so added to the costs of industry that exports have declined and must go on declining. Taxation for social services and the like has so impoverished the *rentier* that he cannot keep up the necessary stream of foreign loans. We have failed, therefore, to adapt ourselves to our new conditions, and slow doom confronts us.

The answer would begin with a defiant assertion that we mean at all costs to maintain our standards and to raise them. In so far as the British working class (in contrast with that of Germany, for example) has achieved this, one may call it a partial victory. Admit the waste of the 'dole,' and yet it has secured this; without it, wages would have fallen to Continental levels. One need not pause to argue that at its worst it is preferable to the American alternative of 'charity.' To lower standards is to enter for an international starvation race.

But M. Siegfried forgets that while on the average wage rates have fallen only slightly there has been, owing to short time, a heavy fall in actual earnings.

One may concede the truth of M. Siegfried's indictment of our mental laziness and our absorption in sport to the neglect of graver things. And yet

the unconscious, unplanned adaptation to our new environment is proceeding. The relative prosperity of trades which cater for the home market is one sign of it. The growth of new industries in the South and Midlands is another; we are struggling out of the century in which we relied on coal and steam as the basis of a swollen export trade.

What is manifestly wrong is that there is among us no conscious realization that the new conditions impose on us a radical, planned adaptation. M. Siegfried exaggerates the handicap of high wages in the export trades. It was not less before the War. What has changed is the relative technical advance of our competitors, the decline of coal as a source of power, the raising of still higher tariff barriers against us, and, lastly, complications, partly political, in Eastern markets. These handicaps we can only partly hope to remove. The adjustment, if we cannot hope to regain our lost 20 per cent of exports, must take the form of reducing imports, partly by controlling them, and partly by restoring agriculture. In so far as the Government has planned, or allowed the Bank of England to plan for it, it seems to aim (to quote Mr. Thomas) at the hopeless objective of a revival of exports. Our eyes should rather be fixed on our dairy farms and market gardens.

So far we have consented to examine M. Siegfried's assumption that the worker is the victor in the class struggle. He has held some trenches. But no one who has studied the effects of the deflation on the distribution of the national income can doubt that the triumphant victor is the *rentier*. He it is who gains from the steady appreciation of gold and of fixed-in-

terest-bearing securities. He it is who becomes through the growing dictatorship of the banks over industry the arbiter of national policy. The transformation that our new situation in the world requires of us cannot take place while his management endures.

His mind adheres to tradition. He will sacrifice everything to preserve the City's rôle as international financier. Labor alone has the motive to build a new economy on the pivot of the home market, but Labor lacks the confidence and the clear vision to plan.

III. CHANGING ENGLAND

By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

Translated from the *Tagebuch*, Berlin Radical Weekly

THE LONDON newspapers have a standard phrase, 'changing London,' which describes with the aid of pictures and text a process now under way here. Everywhere new buildings are being erected and old ones demolished. New towns are sprouting out of the ground and everything is changing its character. Vaudeville theatres are turning into moving-picture palaces, and moving-picture palaces into theatres. Private houses are being transformed into apartments and apartments into offices. London always looks unfinished, yet it always preserves its traditional character.

I have the impression that the phrase, 'changing England,' or, better yet, 'changing British Empire,' really holds good, for a great transformation has begun whose end no one can foresee. At the beginning of the War, Bernard Shaw said that it was terribly difficult to hammer a new idea into the heads of the English, but that it was utterly impossible to dislodge an idea once it had entered there. It was years before England recognized the significance of the decision it had made when it declared war and came to understand that things would never

take care of themselves again in accordance with the old-fashioned belief to that effect. In like manner, it has taken England years to understand that the end of the War did not mean a return to pre-war conditions. Things were allowed to proceed of their own accord, and at first they went well enough, but presently they began going from bad to worse, yet nobody grew excited. Up to a year ago most people believed that time would adjust everything, and only a few private individuals or politicians thought that radical measures were necessary or even desirable. Now, however, opinion has altered fundamentally, and the English no longer say, 'It will all come right in the end,' but, 'Something has got to be done.' This is a vague enough conviction, to be sure, but it signifies a tremendous change. England has a new idea in its head, and Shaw knows his fellow countrymen.

It is an ironic trick of destiny that the person chiefly responsible for this change, in so far as it can be ascribed to any individual, is a man whom all thinking Englishmen—and thinking people are a minority in every country—look upon as one of the most un-

attractive and dangerous figures of the post-war period, Lord Beaverbrook. Beaverbrook to-day corresponds to what Northcliffe was during and before the War. He is the proprietor of the most widely circulated chain of newspapers and he wants to play an important political rôle, exercising power without scruple. This power is very great, for the former Northcliffe press, now owned by Rothermere, only appears to be a competitor or opponent of Beaverbrook. It is an open secret that the financial interests of the two groups are identical, that about half the stock of the Rothermere enterprises belongs to Beaverbrook, and that about half of the Beaverbrook stock belongs to Rothermere. It is a silent, secret agreement between the two press lords.

Beaverbrook, whether out of ambition, conviction, or desire to make a sensation, began his great Empire Crusade with an immense hubbub and feverish advertising. He founded the Empire Party, which is entering candidates for Parliament opposed to the Conservative candidates, whom it hopes to defeat. Beaverbrook wishes to make the Empire into a customs union. He poses as England's savior, which explains why he calls his movement a crusade, and one necessary part of his mission is to describe the present miserable condition of England day after day in the most sensational terms. He says that business is going to the devil, that national bankruptcy is at the door, that India is as good as lost, that Russia is preparing for warfare, that the whole world is England's foe, and that all this is due to incapable politicians, to Socialists who are, of course, in alliance with Russia, and even more to the criminal

indolence of the Conservatives, led by Stanley Baldwin.

Beaverbrook further asserts that he alone, with Rothermere's friendly aid, can save the people by means of his Empire Party. This great campaign has not been a failure. Far from it. He has convinced all the parties and the majority of the public that England's situation is dangerous and that energetic measures are needed. But the campaign has convinced only a few people, in so far as one can judge from election returns, that Beaverbrook is the savior of the nation and that his Empire Party can usher in the millennium. He might well echo the words of Mephistopheles: 'I am a part of that power that ever desires evil and always'—or often—'creates good.' For this noble lord has succeeded in hammering a new idea into English heads.

‘THIS can't go on.' That, in brief, is what all England believes to-day, and everywhere symptoms of impending change are in evidence. Westminster has been the scene of extraordinary happenings. Mosley and his followers have quit the Labor Party and founded a new group of their own. The Conservative Party has been split in two by Beaverbrook. The Liberals are in complete confusion. Empire Free Trade is dead and buried, but there is no party that opposes the protective tariff. Party lines are changing. Mosley looks forward to a kind of dictatorship that will combine Socialism, the protective tariff, and imperialism. Baldwin supports the foreign policy of the Labor Party. Everything is in a state of flux. The *Week-end Review*, which is the most alert weekly at the present time and sup-

ports no one party, has published a very interesting plan amounting to a reconstruction of the whole economic life of the nation. The 1950 Club has been founded to sponsor this plan and will perhaps establish still another political party. In the whole confused situation the most striking feature is this, that all the parties, old and new, are convinced of the necessity of a radical change, however their views may vary as to the ways and means of achieving it.

I believe that the Russian Five-Year Plan has made a great impression on English politicians and that the idea of a thorough organization of economic life according to plan has taken firm root. Many symptoms indicate that British economy is beginning to undertake new tasks. The recent British Fair was a surprisingly great success, and even the layman recognizes that industry is striking out on new paths. This fair was attended only by experts, but the new products displayed at it are already on view in all the shops. Lancashire's new cotton fabric can hardly be distinguished from silk, and it is astonishingly cheap. Staffordshire's porcelain and glassware have been completely modernized, and their prices are reduced to a fraction of what they used to be. A big automobile firm is bringing out a new car that sells for eighty-five pounds, and the figures of the United States Department of Commerce show that imports of British automobiles to South America increased during 1930, while the sales of American cars declined. Naturally the big British exposition in Buenos Aires is hastening this process. England's industry has definitely decided to combine quality and low prices.

In other fields, too, signs of change can be discovered. The whole traffic system of London is now under government management. It covers a territory with a radius of twenty-five miles and its stocks are valued at a hundred and thirty million pounds. The whole country is covered with a network of motor-coach lines that have revolutionized communications.

But the most important changes have occurred in the field of foreign policy, and even the opponents of the Labor Party, who justly attack its domestic failures, admit that its foreign policy has been highly successful. The Labor Party has tackled and solved one problem after another, energetically and intelligently, or at any rate it has brought solutions nearer, for permanent solutions can hardly be arrived at by such a complicated organization as the British Empire. But what improvements have occurred within the past two years! Barely two years ago the possibility of an Anglo-American war was being freely discussed in the newspapers of both countries, but to-day the atmosphere is friendly. More recently still, England has endeavored to check the Franco-Italian naval rivalry. Peace prevails in Egypt, and the immense Indian problem seems to be approaching a peaceful settlement. In brief, England has begun to consolidate its place in the post-war world. It recognizes to-day that new times have brought new problems and has decided to draw the necessary conclusions. No doubt it will continue to move along this path unharmed. Only one problem seems insoluble, that of Russia, and it will remain insoluble until Russia herself provides the solution.

The leading political writer on the leading Republican daily in Madrid explains the overthrow of King Alfonso. Essentially Spanish in style and point of view, his essay gives a valuable clue to past, present, and future happenings.

Why Spain *Revolted*

By LUIS ARAQUISTAIN

Translated from *El Sol*
Madrid Republican Daily

I DO NOT KNOW whether anyone has yet applied the theory of the inferiority complex to great historical movements, but it would be interesting, in any case, to trace the influence of this complex in some recent revolutions, such as the Fascist, the Soviet, and the Spanish. Of course such a complex was not the only determining motive of Mussolini and Lenin; both were pure politicians, men who aspired to power whole-heartedly and retained it by every means, abandoning their old principles, breaking their pledged word, and using every means to strengthen their position. But if we disregard this fundamental motive and seek the other elements in Mussolini's thought, we find one idea that rings true—his desire to exalt Italy.

For this country had become a mere poor relation in the European family,

just like Spain, although to a less degree, and it was this that explained Mussolini's eagerness to have all Italians forget their social and political differences and sacrifice their individual interests for the sake of a strong nation.

As for Lenin, he resembled Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, and the more one studies Lenin's work as a writer and ruler the clearer it becomes that he wanted the revolution for Russia as much as for the Russians, so that he could realize the ideal of an immense Russia that would be all-powerful in both the Orient and Occident.

Little by little, militant Communism, similar to the militant Fascism of Italy, came to mean more to Lenin than the proletarian revolution, just as in France the bourgeois revolution

evolved into the militant liberalism personified by Napoleon. A sense of political inferiority may first lead to a desire for moderate revolution, such as Lenin wanted and the French before him, but it ends in a messianic sentiment. The man who feels that he occupies an inferior position rapidly acquires the illusion that he has a divine mission. This fixation is the vital impulse that leads old nations to rejuvenate themselves and young nations to strive for power. In accordance with the law of psychological compensation, a sense of inferiority sooner or later leads to megalomania.

THE Republicanism that developed in Spain during the seven years of military dictatorship arose from a specific source—a sense of shame, an inferiority complex. It was not forged by philosophers, as in 1873, nor spread by unknown politicians. On the contrary, it was a spontaneous social movement that started in the lower ranks of society and eventually won over even monarchist statesmen like Alcalá Zamora and Miguel Maura.

This sense of inferiority, which spread silently during Primo's dictatorship and finally came to a head in the insurrectional movement that revealed itself most fully in December 1930, arose from two anxieties, one economic, the other spiritual. Spain's economic troubles were not due to the fact that the dictatorship suppressed all political rights and private guarantees for seven years—that was the least of our worries. What was more serious was the arbitrary and irresponsible fiscal policy, which inflicted notorious damage on the credit of the nation and on local finance.

The recent currency devalorization—due in part to the enormous expenses that weighed on the Treasury and in part to the fact that the dictatorship did not succeed in establishing itself politically—and the increasingly unfavorable economic conditions, which in their turn were the result of the monetary crisis and of the prodigal support the dictatorship had granted the less honest and competent Spanish industries, reveal dramatically the Government's seven years of financial orgy. In spite of all the dictator's affirmations of prosperity, Spain was much poorer in 1930, both publicly and privately, than in 1923. Economically, Spaniards had fallen in world esteem.

But the worst thing was not that we had fallen to this low economic rank but that our situation was capable of being prolonged and made worse. The double conviction that Spain needed a responsible government in order not to become poorer and that the monarchy would never relinquish its full powers brought into the Republican fold a great portion of the Spanish middle class, who now see in moderate men like Alcalá Zamora and Miguel Maura the best assurances that the new régime will preserve private industry unharmed. An economic inferiority complex converted from the monarchy or from political neutrality a large number of business men and industrialists who believe that business comes first and the form of government second.

IN addition to this economic element in the Republican movement is a more purely psychological element, which was also motivated by a sense of in-

feriority, by the contempt with which the world regarded Spain during Primo's dictatorship, not because it was a dictatorship, but because it was a ridiculous one. Democratic and liberal Europe views with respect the Italian and Russian dictatorships, for they are well organized and have clear, intelligent aims. Their methods may disgust democratic Europe, but no one would call them farces. Whether they succeed or fail, some important lesson will be drawn from them, and in the end no one will deny the grandeur of such attempts.

But the Spanish dictatorship, with its methods more petty than cruel, with its inexcusable intellectual poverty and with its leader who personified the ambitious military commander, never deserved the slightest consideration from the outside world, which regarded it with a mixture of amusement and amazement. Compared to the tragic dictatorships of Italy and Russia, the Spanish dictatorship was a vaudeville act, a piece of after-dinner clowning. It did more than outrage and impoverish the Spanish people; it made them look absurd.

It is doubtful whether Spaniards felt as humiliated when Spain lost the Antilles as they did during the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. After all, the painful sense of impotence that followed the war with the United States was compensated by the certainty that the last American colonies were bound to go sooner or later and by the feeling that in this rupture a principle of justice and a legitimate desire for liberty were involved. But the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera offered us no consolation whatever. We were more shamefully aware of the

contempt of the world than of the burden of the dictatorship itself, and we realized that, in spite of a certain modernity in its technique, our government was like an Oriental satrapy.

Consciousness of this national disgrace—which was quickly felt by a group of 'Europeanized' intellectuals and by the working class—gradually penetrated the other intellectual classes: students, lawyers, professors, doctors, public officials, military men, and the liberal professions in general. When they saw themselves belittled historically by a monarchy that permitted a régime of such disgraceful inconsequence, they broke off political relations with it. Thus from their sense of spiritual inferiority arose the second powerful current of Republican thought, a current as moderate as the economic one but more profound, because the intellectual classes represent the most valuable elements in any state.

Most of these new Republicans used to belong to monarchical parties or to none at all and they probably feared the more radical groups. They did not sympathize, through temperament or education, with that part of the middle class that was agitated only by economic unrest, but national pride forced them to declare that they were Republicans, ready to serve the Republic. The best and noblest portion of the Spanish intelligentsia responded to the need of establishing a form of government under which they would not feel inferior before the world. The Spanish revolution has begun, even at the moment of its triumph, to satisfy this psychological need. Thus far it is the Republic's most profound achievement.

No sooner has Colin Ross returned from his ten years' world tour than he sets forth on a survey of Europe. He argues eloquently for Franco-German understanding as the only guarantee of peace.

In Behalf of Europe

By COLIN ROSS

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

I AM LIVING now on frontiers and have been strolling along them and across them for months. I went from Germany to Czechoslovakia, from Czechoslovakia to Hungary, and from there back to Germany again. I passed through the snow and ice of the border states and then struck out on a diagonal for the coast of the French Mediterranean. I visited Italy, Switzerland, then Germany again, then France again. Often I passed through three different countries in a single day by automobile. I have wandered far in my life, and my ship has never rested long in port, but never have I felt such restless uneasiness as is now driving me hither and yon across Europe.

It all happened rather strangely. When I set forth on my pointless journey, a distinguished graphologist who did not know my name studied

my handwriting. He analyzed this handwriting as indicating that I was driven by an irresistible impulse toward the unknown and that I was forced to follow it at any price. 'Yes,' he added impressively, 'at any price.' And he meant by this that I was on a desperate search for something, something I had set my heart upon, something very big indeed. Perhaps, he suggested, I was a physicist who was trying to split up the atom into its ultimate elements and who was ready and willing to give all he had for this knowledge.

I have never believed in graphology, and the comparison with the physicist rather increased my doubts. Yet I was somewhat impressed, for this handwriting expert had helped me to understand what was really impelling me on my pointless journey across many frontiers. I was not looking for

the magic formula that would dissipate the economic crisis, as I once believed. Indeed, such a formula does not exist, no matter how clearly one may understand the reasons for our present distress, and no matter how hard one may fight to overcome them. No, the picture of Europe was what I was looking for. This picture seemed like a living reality in my blood when I first saw the coast of Europe again after my world tour. When I landed successively in Genoa, Amsterdam, and Hamburg, the feeling was the same. It was the feeling of home.

In Genoa, where the houses and streets seemed built one on top of the other, I felt like Christopher Columbus coming back again, only more real than the original himself. In Amsterdam, I gaily hastened up and down old streets and along the canals under the shade of peaceful trees. And as our boat moved up the River Elbe each ship we passed seemed like a greeting and each stone along the water front seemed like a bit of living flesh and blood. The moment one returns to Europe after years of absence in Africa, Asia, and Australia, a living, overpowering reality meets one's eyes. But within a few weeks, a few days, perhaps even a few hours, the picture grew blurred. Once again the frontiers asserted themselves, the frontiers that I had forgotten. Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards quite forget that they speak different languages when they talk of Europe as their home to yellow, black, and brown races. But once these wanderers come back to Europe again, the frontiers rise up and a flag of a different color seems more important than all that they share in common in their blood and spirit.

This is the tragedy that comes to every returning traveler, for all travelers leave their souls at home. They may dwell in distant lands, succeed in establishing a second home for themselves; they may grow rich and powerful and become millionaires or statesmen, but the wound of eternal homesickness still bleeds. But when the wanderer comes home again after years of travel, his first sensation of immeasurable pleasure is followed by an equally keen disappointment. Anyone who has been able to tear himself away from his native soil or his native asphalt pavement has in him something of Columbus, something of Vasco da Gama and Marco Polo. Europe dwells within him, and years spent among foreign races under a foreign sun and foreign stars do not destroy his living picture of Europe, though it may be simply a picture of his own little native town.

THIS Europe exists, a unit and a living reality. This continent and this race of ours must have been singled out by destiny or we should not have been able to impress our seal upon the whole world. To be sure, Asia is now in revolt, Africa is straining at the leash, and America and Australia are trying to find their own ways of life. But all this is only because we first impregnated them with our own spirit and our own zeal.

We are now trying to create a Pan-Europe, a Europe of agreement and understanding, with good will, speeches, congresses, resolutions, and earnest efforts toward alliances. But agreement and understanding cannot produce children, as Count Keyserling has significantly remarked. No, God

knows that no children are created in this way, not even spiritual children. Creation occurs only when the power of creation and the will to give birth come together. Only in this way can the old Europe give birth to the new.

In spite of all conflicts, wars, and national jealousies, Europe is a living unit and has been for centuries. It does not take much acuteness of feeling to recognize, when one goes from Europe to Asia, how the European soul has influenced other continents and how it has made itself manifest.

Europe is divided and at one, like a married couple who are at the same time a duality and a unit. All wars between the nations of Europe are nothing but feminine-masculine disagreements which may, like the struggle between the sexes, become almost life-and-death affairs, but which end in warm embraces and bring forth something new. The frontiers will not actually be eliminated until we have eliminated them from our consciousness. That is a fact which I, who have crossed them many times, clearly discern and I, who believe in Europe, believe that it will eradicate these frontiers.

But most of the people who live on one side or the other of these frontiers still look upon them as insuperable barriers. If the suggested Austro-German customs union creates such immense misunderstandings, if it is possible to speak of a French Europe that seems more desirable than a German Europe, then we are far indeed from any conception of a real Europe.

I have made two diagonal automobile trips running across Germany and France. They did not take me

long and I did not pick up much information. I merely made these trips to see, feel, and experience the fundamental similarities and the fundamental differences between the two countries whose coöperation or hostility will determine the fate of Europe. The result is a double one. Germany and France differ like youth and age, like future and past, like agitation and rest. Yet at the same time they are as like as twins; they are of the same flesh and blood. It all depends on the point of view, the position from which one observes what has happened and what is happening to these two countries.

If you take a national point of view, which many people believe is the only possible one, the only unassailable point of view for all eternity, any understanding or association of interest seems hopeless. A deeply rooted opposition exists on either side of the frontier, and there is no way of settling this opposition except by war, which in former times was perhaps able to settle things, but which certainly can no longer do so. But if you survey the diagonal running through France and Germany from a non-European point of view, the picture at once changes and all that previously appeared different becomes similar. This similarity, this typical European sense of community arises from the extraordinarily individual character of each European country, even of each province and city. Compared to an American, Argentine, or Australian city, compared to an American, Argentine, or Australian farm, all the German and French cities and all the French and German farms are similar in principle. The average oversea visitor without historic background will find

no difference between the German and French landscape or the German and French people, since both are equally foreign to his character and his way of life. If it were not for the frontier and for the different languages, the American or the Australian could never tell on a trip to Europe when he had passed, from one country to another.

THUS the extraordinary diversity and individual peculiarities of European countries, which at first seem insuperable barriers to a European union, actually cancel each other through their very intensity. France and Germany are, both as entities and in their constituent parts, so incredibly mature and so weighed down with history and culture as compared to oversea countries that their structures are really similar if you survey them from a point of view that can see across frontiers.

That it is possible to take such a point of view is proved by the national history of each European country, which, as it developed, had to overcome greater contrasts than there are to-day between the different nations of Europe. The great differences that exist between a citizen of East Prussia and one of Baden and between a man from the North and one from the South of France give rise to the hope that a still larger structure may be created in which seemingly antagonistic nations may live and grow together.

We must simply rid ourselves of two fictions—the fiction of the frontier and the fiction that language is a line of demarcation between related peoples. If we can once forget about

the present frontier and follow our diagonal line straight through Germany and France without prejudice, we shall find that the sharpest break does not occur at the political boundary. For there is a stronger similarity of character and culture between southwest Germany and northeast France than between Baden and East Prussia or between the department of the Meurthe-et-Moselle and the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône. This does not mean that France has any claim to the Rhineland or that Germany has any right to a frontier running from Toul to Verdun. The point is that if such heterogeneous elements as East Prussia and Baden have been drawn into a political unit there is hope of making a larger unit, especially since frontiers are much less firmly entrenched than the narrow-minded nationalist believes.

But the great obstacle of language remains, and the future Europe must create some common means of understanding, just as the different German dialects turned into High German. Without the assistance of written High German, the Swabian or Bavarian peasant would be almost as strange and foreign to the Holstein or Pomeranian peasant as the Germans are to the French to-day. Thus the first essential for a real, united Europe is a greater command of language. Compared to the Orientals, the Indians, and the East Asiatics, we Europeans are shamefully ignorant of foreign tongues. Every child in Cairo knows at least two or three languages, often four or five. The educated Persian and the educated Japanese or Indian speaks more languages and has a deeper comprehension of more cultures than the educated European.

But the thing that is more powerful than any other, more powerful than Franco-German or European unity, is that we all live under the same economic system, we are all subject to the same economic destiny. At first glance it seems incredible that rich France and poor Germany, the one so full of luxury, the other so poverty-stricken, should have much in common. But once we take a broader view, which after all is the only right view, the difference is not so great. We recognize that France is not so rich and Germany not so poor. And even the inequalities that do exist vanish in the face of the necessary interdependence of the German and French economic systems compared to the economic systems of oversea countries. Anyone who has seen the immense Canadian, American, and Australian

wheat fields, which are so enormous that the individual farmer is overwhelmed, is startled by the common destiny of the French and German peasants, who on both sides of the frontier still plow with their own oxen and sow with their own hands. Compared to an American harvester, all European agricultural implements are as much alike as all European factories are alike as compared to a Ford factory.

Some people may still strive in the opposite direction, but if we act honorably there is nothing to do but openly admit that we Europeans, at any rate we French and Germans, are in the same boat. Whether we like it or not, we must get together. The diagonals that run through France and Germany will some day form a single line.

A Frenchman writing from the Orient shows that China is facing a real Red Peril. He urges the Great Powers, especially the United States, to give Japan a free hand, the alternative being a further extension of Bolshevik rule.

Can Japan Save China?

By DR. A. LEGENDRE

Translated from the *Mercure de France*
Paris Literary and Political Semimonthly

EVERYONE knows that 1930 was an unusually stormy year in China and that civil war raged in the Yellow River basin, where the Nanking Government tried to exterminate its Northern rivals, whom it called rebels. The Nanking army achieved some success against Yen Hsi-shan, the *tuchun* of Shansi, whom I know personally and who has great qualities as a governor. But since military success was slow in coming, Chiang Kai-shek, the Nanking leader, used the only really effective weapon, money, and bought out several enemy divisions. Thus he was able to continue marching northward into Peking, aided by a complete German general staff, which since 1927 has replaced the Bolshevik officers. Moreover, it was this German staff that planned and directed all operations. For the

European is always on top. He is the brains, and Chiang Kai-shek is merely the tool.

But the Northern Chinese, in spite of their quarrels among themselves, could not permit the Southerners to bring misery and disaster to Northern China. That was why Chang Hsueh-liang, the young *tuchun* of Manchuria and the son of the late Chang Tso-lin, appeared on the scene, urging the Northern and Southern factions to stop fighting. He not only opposed Yen Hsi-shan and Feng Yu-hsiang, but also the Nanking leader, who was forced to abstain from acts of war and from dabbling in the administration of the Northern provinces. In a word, Chang's summons, backed up by fresh troops, forced Nanking to respect the independence of Northern China.

It was in September 1930 that this

humiliating intervention occurred. For the Manchurian leader has a secret agreement with Yen and will even be able to rely on Feng if the Nanking faction should endeavor to extend its ruinous rule. Yet all the great Western powers support Nanking—why, nobody knows, unless it is because they see everything in China upside down.

Except for Northern China, all the country can definitely be said to be living in such a state of anarchy, especially in its rich central basin, that even the initiative of Chang Hsueh-liang, a young man of thirty-three with whom I have discussed these matters in Mukden, will not be able to alter the situation greatly. Indeed, it seems probable that the intervention of the young *tuchun* may produce a new army of mercenaries, all living off the meagre pittance of the peasants.

Civil war is therefore by no means at an end, especially since Feng remains a redoubtable force, having saved many of his best divisions, the ones that the Nanking faction could not bribe. This vigorous soldier with modern tastes continues to denounce the scandalous extravagance of the little Nanking pontiffs and remains a possibly decisive force in the present struggle. Both the Northern and the Southern leaders cast sheep's-eyes at him, secretly disputing for his favors. Furthermore, Feng is so powerful that he can exploit the present situation in Northern China as he pleases, and thus profit by the exasperation of the suffering peasants, whose miserable existences are less and less certain. They, too, are forming themselves into companies of brigands that sometimes amount to regular little

armies and need only a commander, who may possibly be Feng. For these peasants want to eat, which they can do only if they become mercenary soldiers or bandits.

Such, then, is the position of Northern China, that conservative and hard-working district which runs the risk of following the example of Southern China if it falls under the leadership of Feng and his well-trained divisions. Besides, we should not forget that Feng can count on the support of Moscow, with which he has been allied for several years. Also, the Nanking group obviously has no chance of wiping out the Northern leaders, since any new effort in this direction would lead to an alliance between Chang Hsueh-liang and Feng and Yen. Already the young Manchurian leader has marched some of his troops south of the Great Wall and occupied Tientsin, the port and commercial metropolis of the North, and the major part of his army stands ready to strike a powerful blow in case it is attacked by Nanking. It is evident, then, that an alliance between Feng and Chang Hsueh-liang is the best guarantee for the independence of Northern China and that the petty Napoleon of Nanking cannot defeat their combined forces. But, on the other hand, such an alliance would alienate Feng from his former associates at Moscow, who are solidly established at the borders of Mongolia, and if such an alliance were made the immense territories of Northern China would not necessarily turn Red, like the central portion of the country.

The political situation presents itself as follows. On top of the pile are the military dictators, endeavoring by

every means to increase their mercenary armies, which number at least two millions and weigh heavily on the country's economic resources. Less and less land is being cultivated, fewer and fewer animals belong to the farmers, who are often swept away in the train of one of the great mercenary armies. Then there are organized armies of bandits which work together in various provinces under the direct control of Moscow. These armies are steadily growing and are composed of ruined, famished peasants and considerable bodies of troops which keep deserting from the banners of Nanking and which are valuable because they possess modern fighting equipment and abundant ammunition. Agreements are quickly made because the mercenaries and bandits are the same thieves who have been living off the country since 1912. They are now said to number at least five millions, according to dependable figures, and they operate in all parts of China, though the central basin is the scene of the chief tragedy. It is here that the Communist peasant uprising has occurred, a social drama full of misery and bloodshed that might have been avoided if the governments of the Great Powers had been less ignorant of the real situation and had possessed the courage to arbitrate between the North and South.

AT Tongku, in the province of Kiangsi, Chinese Communists have established a base with schools, hospitals, and even a bank that issues paper money bearing pictures of Lenin and Karl Marx which is forced on the population as legal tender. Since Tongku had no electric lighting, the

peasant Communists took by assault the neighboring town of Ki Ngan, which had electric equipment, and transported all of it to Tongku, which indicates that the Communists are not without engineers and skilled workers. According to the *North China Herald*, the Communist organization always improves when it is reinforced by new students fresh from France and Russia.

Tongku was therefore the first objective for the Nanking troops and was taken without resistance. But, a few days after its capture in the latter part of December 1930, the Red troops executed a counter attack and recaptured the city, annihilating a whole Nanking division.

The successes of the Nanking troops have been rare indeed, and the newspaper announcements of their victories should be read with the greatest caution. They are written for foreign consumption, especially for Europeans, who are seriously concerned by the growth of the Communist forces and by the perils of navigation down the chief commercial artery of China, the Yangtze-kiang. What proves the deceptive quality of this news is that the Nanking Government was hurriedly obliged to summon from the north Feng's rich divisions that it had succeeded in buying out. The fighting itself is a regular guerrilla warfare waged against the government armies by small Communist detachments, who are very familiar with the countryside since they are chiefly made up of former bandits, who prefer rapine to actual fighting.

It should also be pointed out that the population distrusts these Nanking soldiers, the so-called Nationalists, more than any other troops. The

poor people in the countryside and in the cities hate them profoundly and have no hesitation in favoring the bandits. It must also be remembered that the bandit detachments frequently amount to real little armies, such as the one known as the 'Fifth Red Army,' which operates between Hunan and Kiangsi and which numbers three thousand well-armed men. The Third Army, under the command of a former cadet of the military academy at Canton, includes four thousand bandits armed with machine guns and light artillery. What complicates the situation for Nanking is that all these little armies operate over an immense territory of seven or eight thousand square kilometres in the central basin, and that less well organized groups operate in conjunction with them in the north and south and even in the west as far as the boundaries of Tibet and that all these groups include a great quantity of students.

I have already referred to the danger of a new peasant uprising in the north, possibly led by Feng Yu-hsiang. I have pointed out the danger of frequent desertions on the part of the Nanking forces. But most serious of all is the fact that Moscow assures the unity and cohesion of all these Communist hordes and provides them with ways and means of carrying out orders. The Red network thus extends widely over poor China.

The present disaster is so extensive that I cannot believe that the intervention of Chang Hsueh-liang will usher in a new era of peace, but feel, on the contrary, that it will make the situation still more difficult. At the moment he is being held in check by Feng Yu-hsiang and therefore cannot do much toward stamping out the

peasant uprising in the central basin unless he makes a military alliance with Nanking. But this is less than probable for two reasons. First, the antagonism between the North and South is racial and therefore irreducible, as all of Chinese history proves, and, secondly, it would be dangerous for Chang Hsueh-liang to let even one of his battalions go at a time when he is faced by the contingents of Feng and also by the Bolsheviks, who are more firmly established than ever in Manchuria and who will seize every occasion to increase their power.

One result has been achieved. Northern China has escaped the grip of the Nanking faction. It maintains its independence, which young Chang is ready to defend by force of arms. The Nanking leader, on the other hand, has suffered a great loss of 'face' and will therefore make every effort to affirm his authority over Northern China, especially since he believes that his German general staff makes him invincible.

It will not be surprising if 1931 witnesses a resumption of civil war, more bloody and more ruinous than the one that occurred in 1930. The present situation is so troubled and so uncertain, the authority of Nanking among the masses of the people is so precarious even within its own territories, the finances are in such a state of ruin, and the upper classes are so hostile to the Nationalist faction that the Government would collapse tomorrow if it were not supported by foreign countries, the United States in particular.

But the crowning disaster is that for more than a year Chinese money, which is based on silver, has been devalORIZED by the shortsighted pol-

icy of the Great Powers and has lost more than half its purchasing power, in consequence of which the middle classes can no longer purchase abroad, to the great detriment of European industry. It was under these circumstances that an English economic mission recently visited China in a search for purchasers of Manchester cotton goods. Congratulations were exchanged at banquets attended by English industrialists, who flattered the Young Chinese by calling them an inventive and creative people. Yet these very Englishmen have been boycotted by the Young Chinese for years past and are now bowing down to the little politicians of Nanking, who will fool them once more and again treat them as they treated them at Hankow and Nanking of bitter memory. But England would not be begging favors of Nanking if its Government had shown some firmness and if Sir Austen Chamberlain had not followed the disastrous advice of the Labor Party.

HERE is the remedy I suggest. China is in a state of complete decay and the prospect of the Bolshevization of this enormous nation seems an only too immediate possibility. What is the best counterpoise to the growing menace of Moscow? Japan, without a doubt. That nation alone can erect an effective barrier against the Bolshevik assault on China. But Japan can not proceed successfully unless it maintains itself solidly in Manchuria, which is like a little fort protecting Northern China and Korea.

What dangers do we perceive to the north and to the west? Through Manchuria, as far as the frontiers of

Japanese Korea, the Bolsheviks are extending their power along the Chinese Eastern Railway. China wants this railway, but what can it do in the face of Moscow, which is more Tsarist in Asia now than it was under the Tsars? A real war occurred in 1929 for the possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the Chinese army was crushed in no time by Russian divisions. Moscow's attack on Northern Manchuria therefore represents a permanent menace to Japan.

Nor is this all. The Russians are solidly installed in Mongolia and are imposing their will on Urga, its capital. Now the Japanese have economic and strategic interests in this part of the world. We must not forget that the Mongolian frontier stretches for thousands of kilometres along Northern China, which can be penetrated almost anywhere, since the famous Great Wall has long since ceased to be an obstacle. In short, Bolshevik Russia is installing itself and digging itself in all along the Chinese frontier, seeking mastery over China's communications and strategic centres. Japan is on guard against this dangerous neighbor. In 1910 it annexed Korea, which is an advanced bastion protecting the Japanese archipelago. It has also established itself in Southern Manchuria by means of the railway inherited from Russia after the war of 1904-5. It has constructed a railway of great strategic value running from Antung to Mukden, the Manchurian capital, and connecting Seoul in central Korea, to central Manchuria and hence to the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Recently Japan has also built a railway in Western Manchuria which is to join the Chinese Eastern Railway

at Tsitsihar, a railway that annoys Moscow very much, since it will allow a body of troops to cut that great railway to Vladivostok. It goes without saying that Russia regards the line from Manchouli to Harbin as the southeast prolongation of the Trans-Siberian, and it is a railway of prime importance since it commands the approach to the Pacific and can be used for any attack on Eastern Siberia. Moscow will therefore never abandon the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway and China cannot force her to do so. Indeed, China is incapable of holding Russia in check in Manchuria and thus of protecting Korea. Only Japan is able to do this, and in protecting itself it is protecting China. Moreover, there is no doubt at all that Japan is assuring world peace by blocking the assaults of Moscow.

Toward the west and south what do we see? China, immense China, always suffering from revolution and upheaval since the Republic was installed in 1912. In spite of Washington, which has given Nanking firmer support than has any other capital, China keeps on drifting, looking for some new equilibrium that it will never find as long as it remains in the clutches of the Kuomintang.

Japan wants peace in China and an improvement in the economic situation, which has been greatly damaged by civil war and by the Nanking Government. But the Tokyo Government can well be reproached for its weakness toward Young China, even when its own considerable interests are at stake. The only energetic action Japan has taken was its intervention at Tsinanfu in Shantung when the Japanese colony was threatened with a general massacre. The previous

affair at Nanking, the murders and atrocities committed by the Chinese mercenary troops on Europeans, Americans, and Japanese, prevented any possibility of hesitation. Moreover, the Japanese at Tsinanfu did not escape their terrible fate, though the Japanese Government had the delicate modesty not to reveal to the world at large all the savage mutilations and not to publish certain photographs that I know of which fill one with pity for the victims and with unlimited disgust for the bestiality of the criminals who committed such atrocities. But revenge was not slow in coming. Japanese soldiers appeared and the savage bands fled in terror. Chiang Kai-shek, humiliated by his defeat at the hands of a few Japanese, took vengeance by accusing the Japanese of having cut off the nose and ears and put out the eyes of the Chinese high commissioner who had come there to negotiate an armistice. The reaction of Japan to Tsinanfu gave the Kuomintang a severe lesson. Unfortunately it had no consequence. The Tokyo Government, always anxious about foreign opinion and above all about American opinion, withdrew its troops from Shantung at a time when, if they had continued to occupy Tsinanfu and the railway, they would have been able to make an imposing impression on all the Chinese factions. Civil war could have been stopped, stabilization might have begun, and perhaps the unfortunate Chinese people would have been at peace.

WHY did Japan not profit from this unique opportunity to give Northern China the protection it has always

given to Manchuria, thereby assuring it protection, peace, and prosperity? The reason is that all the little religious and pacifist groups in America have always opposed Japan. All the Socialist committees in Europe and all our leagues for the rights of man raise their voices in denunciation of Japanese imperialism, ignoring its real aims. They clamor for peace and want to impose it, but in reality they are stupidly preparing for massacre. Nothing will cure these maniacs, nothing will enlighten them. Tokyo dares not brave the abuse of these noisy professional humanitarians. It bows and submits. What is the result? Every informed European familiar with Chinese affairs predicts the same thing—continued anarchy, fratricidal war, bloodshed, misery, famine, and Moscow gaining a new and important triumph in the heart of Central China.

Is it not strange that these dogmatic humanitarians are interested only in the most questionable element in China, in young politicians without plans or consciences, tyrants who know how to talk the jargon of democracy and thus spread illusions about themselves? The common, despoiled masses, who are massacred by traitors and bandits, are not considered at all.

The result is that Japan, having been systematically called imperialistic by all the democrats in Europe and America, now feels itself isolated, especially since the foreign governments, even the English and the French, have never in recent years supported its policy of resisting the Bolshevik assault on China. On the contrary, they have indirectly opposed Japan with their incomprehension, their eagerness to conciliate, their demand for peace at any price. And,

besides, the erection of the powerful naval base at Singapore makes the Japanese anxious, since they see in it the threat of an Anglo-American alliance to dominate the Pacific. None the less, Japan continues to defend the cause of peace, and by occupying certain strategic positions in Manchuria has happily been able to paralyze up to now the most dangerous plans of Moscow, which have often been put in motion with the assistance of the imprudent Young China movement and with the indirect aid of the great American republic, whose hostility to Japan has been made all too obvious in recent years. Does this great republic want to extend its hegemony to the Far East? And, even though it asserts that this hegemony is purely economic, how can we distinguish between politics and economics in a great nation that is still in the process of growth?

The United States ought to recognize that the present social order in the world cannot last and that peace cannot be established unless Japan is backed up in its resistance to Bolshevik barbarism. Does America, in paying court to Young China, want to repulse Japan and compel that country to ally itself with Moscow and Berlin? At present, however, Japan is so fearful of war with Russia that it is taking extraordinary precautions to insure rapid transport for its troops. The great South Manchuria Railway from Dairen to Kwanchengtze and the Fusan-Mukden line across Korea and southeastern Manchuria are no longer enough for the Japanese. They want direct access to Harbin via northeastern Korea, through the ports of Gensan and Songchin, which are being joined to Harbin by a railway now



under construction. A fleet of transport vessels would then only have to cross the Japanese Sea to land troops in Gensan and Songchin and could reach central Manchuria in no time at all.

Young China, supported, it is believed, by the United States, has opposed this plan, but Japan pays no attention. For it is a vital question, especially since Young China is trying to neutralize the economic and strategic advantages of the great Japanese railway from Dairen to Kwanchengtze by building a parallel line in competition.

Such is the dangerous situation that menaces the peace of Asia and threatens fatal repercussions in Europe, especially since collusion between Germany and Russia in the Far East has been unmistakably revealed to me during recent years. What beautiful divisions of spoils are in prospect, what wonderful political and financial combinations!

Suppose the Great Powers had had the courage to give Japan a mandate to reestablish order in China. A whole

era of civil war, massacre, and ruin would have been avoided. Millions of poor Chinese, chiefly peasants, would not have died in battle or from starvation, and the economic crisis would be less acute throughout the world. But if such a mandate had been given to Japan think of the clamor from the professional pacifists and Christian democrats, especially in America.

Would there really have been any risk in confiding such a task to Japan? I do not believe so. That great people now aspires only to live in peace and to nourish its overabundant population. Obviously some compensation should be given in return for such an effort, chiefly recognition by the major powers of Japan's special interests and rights in the western Pacific. The Monroe Doctrine is as applicable to Japan as to the United States, and in the East it could harm only the most dangerous enemy of peace, the Bolshevik. There is therefore no other policy at the present time than to support Japan in its difficult labors. Or must we look forward to more irreparable damage?

Here are three topics in world economics discussed by experts. An English economist explains the real nature of war debts. A former secretary in the German Foreign Office sends a reassuring message from Berlin. And the Directors' Report of Kreuger and Toll Company analyzes the world depression.

Economics *without* Pain

THREE REPORTS
by EXPERTS

I. WAR DEBTS IN PARABLE

By CHARLES N. EDGE

ONCE there was a mother who had ten children, not all of whom were rich. Two had inherited half the family fortune, two others were natural leaders who were accumulating wealth, and the remaining six were employed by the other four. This family grew rich and powerful as a result of the mother's guidance and control over a long period of years. Suddenly another family declared war upon it. To protect itself and its property, the first family arose as a unit, unselfishly, for defense. The mother said: 'War is expensive to wage; it will require all our wealth.' Then she turned to her richer children and said, 'Lend me your wealth, and I will give you my

notes in return, also my guarantee that if we survive the money will be repaid.' Now the richer members of the family did not actually need these notes. In order to preserve the family they would willingly have given one-quarter, one-half, three-quarters, or even all of their wealth, depending upon the gravity of the family's peril. But they accepted the notes notwithstanding.

During the war all prices rose; wages were high, materials were high. The mother found, to her dismay, that the money she had borrowed was quickly spent, but to her surprise it had not vanished; it had only become redistributed among the members of her

family, more widely than before. She therefore found she could borrow the same money a second time, again in exchange for notes, and continue the process a third, a fourth, and even a fifth time. Finally the war was won, but the mother was troubled. An incredible quantity of notes stared her in the face. True, her creditors were friendly, they were her family, but now that the danger was past they were no longer willing to give her one-half, three-quarters, or all of their wealth. Had she admitted her complete inability to meet the notes her whole family would have arisen at once and overwhelmed her in anger, not pausing to take thought. Should she then arrange, with skill and cunning, to reduce the value of these notes? Or should she say, 'The notes were only partly just, for the owners of wealth received safety in addition to the notes. Nevertheless, I will take from all my family enough of their incomes to pay back what I promised'?

Her heart was heavy indeed, for the burden would fall chiefly on the young, the earners of wealth. She also knew that, just as goods and merchandise were high during the war, so they would be low for a long period afterward, for she had seen many wars. Thus it would be necessary to collect an increased portion of her children's income to meet the interest and repay the notes themselves. Indeed, she foresaw a time when this burden might be so great as to rob the wealth-earning members of her family of their spirit of enterprise. Therefore she said to herself: 'As the mother of the family, I can levy upon my family's wealth, I can call upon my children to give their lives for me,

but if I levy upon their spirit of enterprise, my family will die.'

Here endeth the parable which is the story of the internal debts acquired by the great nations during the late war. The mother is the government; the children the different classes of which the nation is composed.

In Russia, where the family wealth was enormous, but concentrated in very few hands, the burden of the war debts accentuated the already unfair division of wealth, so that the children of the Russian family killed not only their mother but all who possessed the wealth. They destroyed the family, and after ten years of bloodshed have begun to build a new one.

In Germany, which was nearly, if not quite, as wealthy after the War as before (for families do not and cannot take wealth from one another by conquest, since tangible wealth in such cases takes flight), the burden from internal debts became so great that the nation could never have risen again if the debts had not been canceled. This was done automatically by the obliteration of the mark and the establishment of a new unit of exchange. This single natural phenomenon, for it was not intentional, definitely placed the burden of war-time expenditures on those who had possessed wealth before the War, or had made wealth during the course of hostilities.

In France, where interest on the internal debt consumed 50 per cent of the government's total revenue, a more moderate course was purposely adopted. The value of the franc was officially reduced from 19 cents to 4 cents, and in this manner the burden

of the cost of the War was definitely allocated—approximately 80 per cent falling on those who possessed capital before the War and on those who accumulated wealth during it, and only 20 per cent falling upon the present income received by the working class and its employers. And Italy adopted the same solution.

IN Great Britain, where the internal war debts consumed 40 per cent of the total government income, it has been deemed wise, probably through an incomplete understanding of the question, that none of the burden, or very little of it, should be placed upon those who had wealth before the War or upon those who accumulated wealth during it. Almost the entire burden falls upon present and future earners of income.

This one fact, and this fact alone, is of sufficient importance to account for the loss of energy and enterprise which has fallen over the country. England, as a family, is more wealthy, even much more wealthy, than before the War; her foreign investments and businesses, if capitalized, would amount to the vast sum of \$30,000,000,000. The trouble does not lie in the external debt to America, amounting to \$4,500,000,000, but in the utter inability of the English business men, the leaders of labor, to accumulate wealth. So large a percentage of earned income is necessarily confiscated by the Government to pay interest on the internal debt that wealth cannot accumulate and people are robbed of all initiative.

Although the total burden of the war debts in the United States was enormous, the percentage of the total

government income required for interest payments never amounted to more than 20 per cent. While it might have been advisable to shift this burden upon capital, it was not definitely necessary, as has been proved by the fact that the United States has been able to reduce her total internal debt continuously from 1919 to the present time, whereas the internal debt of Great Britain during the same period has necessarily increased.

It is therefore evident that the allocation of the burden of the war debts determines the future of each nation. If an unbearable war-debt burden is not shifted, it can produce revolution; if it is modified, the stability of the nation can be increased; if it remains unchanged out of deference to a false idea of strength, this very strength becomes a source of weakness and may produce ruin. For the burden can be borne in full only if superhuman strength is not required.

In a period of falling prices the burden of paying interest and repaying principal on an internal debt continuously rises. If this burden is carried by an income tax, that tax may become so great that capital itself is reduced. For all taxes, except those on the earned incomes of individuals and corporations, are capital taxes, and these two forms of taxation—capital and income—are entirely opposite in principle. The principle of the Soviet Government is to divide up the land, to free it from taxation, and to tax only incomes, in other words, to destroy individual enterprise and its rewards. The principle of John Stuart Mill was the individualistic principle: taxation of capital and complete freedom of income. This gives the maximum reward for individual

enterprise and the differentiation of taxation in favor of the young as opposed to the old, in favor of those who are earning wealth as opposed to those who possess it. Any country can place the burden of debt redemption upon the earners of wealth by means of a tax on earned income, or upon those who have wealth by means of all other taxes. The allocation of the burden can be changed by changing the ratio of these taxes, but every increase in taxation on earned income as compared to taxation on capital is a definite move toward the principles of Bolshevism.

II. THE CRISIS IN GERMANY

By RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IN THE LAST five years of reconstruction, Germany has made almost miraculous progress in the spheres of government, public order, defense, finance, shipping, railways, industry, and trade. And now the cyclone of the world economic crisis, which has spared no country, is spreading destruction over Germany too. The German ship of state, barely recovered from the assaults of war, revolution, and inflation, is suffering double damage. In the space of this article it is obviously impossible to discuss the entire crisis in detail, and we must therefore confine ourselves to a few of its more important aspects.

Domestic consuming power is greatly reduced, and export trade is struggling against enormous difficulties, for not only are the international markets and the world's purchasing power seriously impaired, but similar domestic difficulties are causing the industries of all lands to cling to the life line of exports. Moreover, in spite of the Geneva Conference, customs walls are showing a tendency to rise still higher. These circumstances are bringing about a shocking increase of unemployment, Germany alone hav-

ing close to five million people out of work. The resulting expenditures are climbing to a colossal figure, so that the Reich budget, already hard hit by the fall in taxes, is now fluctuating dangerously.

The inflation, by destroying the supplies of capital that had accumulated in Germany during many generations, virtually freed the state from debt, except for reparations, but at the same time it swept away in large measure the individual's monetary wealth. Yet in spite of this condition it is amazing how quickly large numbers of Germans began saving and investing their savings again, though in the opinion of the best informed experts it is not the formerly well-to-do class but the lower and middle classes whose savings are today helping to create new capital. The deposits in savings banks are already back to 50 per cent of their pre-war level. At the end of January 1931, savings-bank deposits in Germany amounted to 10,770,000,000 marks, the increase for January, which may be taken as a typical crisis month, amounting to 365,500,000 marks. The circulation of mortgage

bonds for 1930 was 12,000,000,000 marks, the increase for the year being about 1,500,000,000 marks. Since the participation of foreign capital in this type of investment is very slight, it is reasonable to suppose that this considerable increase consists principally of domestic capital that has been newly created.

We may safely assume that Germany's need for capital is somewhat greater than it was before the War. Despite the country's marvelous progress from the chaos of only a few years ago, Germany will not for some time be able to satisfy all her needs for liquid capital from her own resources. The German economic system has received from abroad a sum not less than seven and not more than eleven billion marks, unfortunately almost all in short-term notes. It cannot be emphasized too often or too strongly that this is the greatest source of our weakness. The larger part of this short-term foreign capital reaches our business through the medium of credit institutions. A good deal of this foreign money can never be employed in a directly productive and efficient manner, largely because of the bitterly criticised policy of the big German cities. But the greatest part of what is productively invested goes into industry or communications, and if either our industries or our communications are not one hundred per cent efficient, the money invested in them will eventually be amortized and it would not be easy to make a large amount of this money immediately liquid. Therein lies the terrible danger that forever hangs over our heads like the sword of Damocles. Should foreign countries lose confidence in Germany's ability or willingness to con-

tinue rebuilding her industry and finance calmly, steadily, and faithfully, as she has been doing, or should the conviction gain ground that currents of agitation in Germany might lead to dangerous political experiments or to an adventurous foreign or reparations policy, then an increasing amount of short-term credits would be withdrawn, that is, they would not be renewed when they fell due, and our whole economic and political life would enter upon a period of peril, if not of actual, complete catastrophe.

A reliable American expert has calculated that the fear aroused abroad by last autumn's elections, together with the unavoidable unrest that has accompanied internal developments since that time, has cost Germany at least 2,000,000,000 marks in short-term credits, and that without the confidence that Chancellor Brüning has inspired abroad the extent of the damage would have been much greater. A second loss of this kind, such as would inevitably result from any indiscretion on our part, would probably ruin us financially.

It must be emphasized again that for a number of years Germany will not be able to supply all the needs of her industry with her own capital. We need foreign money, and as long as we need it this short-term capital remains a noose about our neck, which may be tightened at any moment.

Ours is a position of frightful dependency that no power on earth can change and that can be dissolved only by time, labor, and discretion. Against this hard reality emotions and excitement break up like snowballs flung at a stone wall. It is the

most vivid indication of the shift in power effected by the lost war, and it also indicates that the already weakened German people is suffering not only from the severest economic crisis known to modern history but from a crisis of confidence that arises from the economic crisis. The second crisis rests on the fear that political continuity may be broken and the nation plunged in confusion.

Debts always restrict freedom. Not until Germany has so far reduced her short-term foreign loans that they no longer constitute an acute danger can we talk of an independent foreign policy. However, although we cannot get around the fact that Germany will have to borrow heavily abroad for a long time, the situation may be improved in many ways. The danger could be reduced and perhaps even completely overcome if it were possible to turn most of the short-term loans into long-term loans. France primarily and then America would be concerned in this transaction. The first essential would be to establish an atmosphere of confidence between France and Germany, which in itself would lead to political and economic coöperation. And the prescription for Germany remains unchanged. Calm, purposeful labor in the course she is now following is the only way to achieve economic independence and political importance.

THE question is often raised nowadays: Is the world economic crisis only an economic crisis similar to, although more severe than, those that have kept appearing during the last two hundred years, or will this crisis bring about a complete collapse of

our economic system, of capitalism, a kind of *Götterdämmerung* of all the economic theory in which we have believed for the last hundred and thirty years? This remarkable question is typical of the great degeneration that has occurred in the thinking of many of our contemporaries. The crisis is exceedingly severe and has arisen from different sources and is following different lines in different lands. Nevertheless, we have no reason to believe that it differs essentially in its causes or its nature from the great crises of the past. Any generalization is open to question, but a study of history leads to the belief that the great crises have always appeared after wearisome wars—not immediately afterward, it is true, but when the most pressing needs of reconstruction have been satisfied. Another cause of the present crisis in America lies in the overappraisal of future business possibilities and in the anticipation of these high-flown hopes by means of the credit system. The centre of the crisis is North America, and nothing indicates the sources from which it has sprung more clearly and strikingly than the delusion shared by almost all American economic leaders during the boom period that they had discovered the recipe that would forever eliminate fluctuations from economic life and assure increasing prosperity for all time.

The severity and extent of the present crisis are not unconnected with the growing interrelation of world economy and with the partial withdrawal of the huge territories of Russia, China, and India from world markets. Their estimated population comes to at least nine hundred millions, and the elasticity of world

economy has inevitably been seriously affected. Another cause is the tremendous change and destruction wrought by the War, its after effects, and the Young Plan reparations payments.

The general outlines of the present crisis scarcely differ from the patterns of former crises. A sharp drop in the prices of all raw materials, an abundant supply of capital with declining interest rates, generally practised thrift, and a gradual dwindling of accumulated supplies—these are establishing the new basis on which, how soon no one can yet say, consumption will again set in and recovery begin. Germany is benefiting only in limited degree by the low interest rates, because loss of confidence due to political causes is having a restrictive effect. The official discount rate in France and Switzerland is 2 per cent, but it is hard to obtain even 1 per cent for money on a one-month loan.

Farsighted economists are inclined to believe that in the spring of 1931 the lowest point of the world crisis was reached, if not passed. For instance, Gustav Stolper, the distinguished editor of the *Deutsche Volkswirt*, wrote in the February 13th issue:—

‘Signs are increasing that a change will come. The rise in prices on the New York Stock Exchange has persisted so long that it seems to be due to more than purely technical causes. The abundance of money, which has not been equaled for more than a generation, is beginning to work itself out. Moreover, the slump in raw materials seems to have come to an end. Since the middle of January the prices of raw materials have been stabilized,

important prices, such as those of cotton and copper, having rallied appreciably from their lowest points. The volume of business of the American Steel Trust, which in October sank to the low point of 3,480,000 tons, by the end of January had already climbed to 4,130,000 tons, a seasonal increase of 650,000 tons as opposed to an increase of 380,000 tons last year. Signs of improvement are no longer limited to America. In England the figures for January 26 show, for the first time in a long while, a small diminution of unemployment. Even in Germany islands of growing activity are appearing.’

Since then many have expressed the opinion that the worst is apparently behind us. The Stock Exchange is convinced of it, and almost every convention brings forth demonstrations of moderate optimism, tempered by cautious reservations, on the part of distinguished business men and financiers.

The tendency, unfortunately spreading in Germany, to consider the present crisis as the end of all things and to call for radical political remedies, which, it is thought, will in some mysterious way effect a quick cure of these crushing evils, is the only real danger that we face. It has been amply demonstrated elsewhere how ill qualified are the vaunted methods of Bolshevism and Fascism—to name only these two—to improve our position, and how sure they are, on the contrary, to plunge us into deeper misery. There is only one remedy, and that is for us to continue, boldly and unswervingly, on the path that in a few years has brought us from a dangerous morass to firm ground.

III. DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1930

By THE KREUGER AND TOLL COMPANY OF STOCKHOLM

From the *Economist*, London Economic Weekly

THE ECONOMIC crisis that made itself strongly felt during 1929 became still more severe and during 1930 extended its influence to practically the whole world. At the end of the year no clear signs of improvement in the general economic conditions were as yet apparent. This is not surprising, considering the slow progress made toward removing the main causes of the crisis.

While undoubtedly the causes of the present world crisis are numerous, it seems as if two of them were of dominating importance. One of these causes arises from the fact that, through the manner in which the exchange values of different currencies were stabilized after the War, a lack of equilibrium in the international balance of payments has been created which has seriously damaged the stability of the international credit structure. It is, for instance, evident that the relative power of competition of Great Britain in domestic and foreign trade to-day is much less than it was before the War. This fact has resulted in such a constantly growing excess of imports over exports that Great Britain's normally very large surplus in its balance of payments has nearly disappeared. Considering that Great Britain in the question of foreign assets is by far the wealthiest of all countries, having practically as large an amount of foreign holdings as all other creditor countries combined, this condition must be considered as entirely abnormal. As a consequence, Great Britain, with its highly efficient

machinery for international financing, has had to restrict its foreign lending, and other creditor countries have been unwilling or unable to fill the place of Great Britain in this respect. The result has been lack of purchasing power and general depression in many of the economically weaker countries, whereby economic conditions in other countries as well have been unfavorably influenced. A rapid restoration of Great Britain's financial power would, without a doubt, be to the advantage of the world in general, as any surplus funds in the hands of British financiers would most certainly be lent to foreign countries in need of purchasing power. As in the case of Great Britain, Italy also has been handicapped in the competition by the fact that the exchange value of the lira was stabilized at too high a level. Though Germany created for herself an entirely new currency, it may be said that, owing to the unsettled economic conditions at the time, the purchasing power of this currency was stabilized in such a way as to give to the German mark too high an exchange value.

On the other hand, the United States has undoubtedly had its power of competition greatly strengthened, not only through the way in which stabilization of exchanges has taken place, but also through the intense development of mass production. As a result of these and some other factors, such as the change of the United States from a debtor to a creditor country, the balance of payments of

the United States has since the War been increasingly positive. In the last few years France has, through reducing the exchange value of the franc, created for herself a position similar to that of the United States. The increasing economic power of the United States and of France could have formed a basis for a considerable amount of international financing, but, in so far as such development did not take place to a sufficient extent, it has led to a constant flow of gold to these countries, particularly during the last two years, with all the depressing and disorganizing effects of such a movement.

It seems, however, as if ever-widening circles in the United States and France were beginning to realize that these countries may to their own advantage assist in the reestablishment of international equilibrium by effecting such changes in their financial machinery as will make it capable of dealing with the surpluses in their balance of payments, thereby avoiding the importation of gold. In some cases legal or customary restrictions, based on the experiences of a period that knew little of the problems with which we are faced to-day, make it impossible for the competent authorities to take the appropriate measures; it seems obviously desirable that such antiquated restrictions should be removed, if necessary by national legislation.

A second dominating cause of the crisis is the inadequacy of the present monetary policy to cope with the difficulties that present themselves during a period of rapid increase in savings and in production. Savings are, without a doubt, necessary for economic development, but they exer-

cise beneficial effects only if provisions are made for directing them into proper channels. In every country the average individual has a certain desire to save, that is, to produce more than he consumes, and the instinct to save seems to grow stronger the more a country develops economically, but when savings increase rapidly it may easily happen that the machinery for employing savings usefully in production proves insufficient. Instead of savings being employed for the provision of new articles of consumption corresponding to the needs of a population with an increasing standard of living, and also for capital investments, these savings may still be utilized simply for increasing the volume of existing commodities, the demand for which is expanding but slowly.

THE danger of such a contingency is naturally particularly great during a period of rapid technical progress like the present one. In practically every line of production, whether industrial or agricultural, the progress that has been made is so great that, with the same number of people employed, production, even without any large capital investments, shows a steady increase. Only in exceptional cases and under certain conditions does the consumption per individual of any special article increase at the same rate as production. The consequence is that for every year each special line of business is able to give employment to a smaller part of the total population and, unless an economic policy is carried out which stimulates new enterprises and capital investment, practically all lines of production will

suffer from increasing production surpassing the possibilities of disposing of the output.

As a striking example of the modern tendencies of rationalization, it may be mentioned that, according to official statistics, the total physical output of Swedish industries increased 32 per cent from 1920 to 1927, while during the same period the number of workers employed in those industries fell 2 per cent. It is not always realized that a limitation in the demand for industrial workers reacts most strongly on the position of agriculture. The higher birth-rate of agricultural populations ought to make it a normal feature of modern economic development that there should be a constant stream of workers from agriculture to industry. If that stream is impeded by a reduced demand for new hands in industry, an abnormally large proportion of the population will be employed in agriculture, with a consequent increase in agricultural output, and this increase, given the inelastic demand for agricultural products, particularly in a period with a more stationary population, may easily lead to real overproduction.

No factor is of more importance to industry's capacity to assimilate agricultural workers than the ease with which industrial companies can obtain new funds by increasing their share capital. It therefore seems reasonable to conclude that sound conditions on the stock market are essential to the prosperity of agricultural producers, at least in countries that produce enough agricultural products to influence their prices. The lending to foreign countries has a still greater bearing on the agricultural situation in the creditor countries, as such lend-

ing, through stimulating exports, not only facilitates the flow of surplus agricultural workers to industry, but also influences more directly the world price level of agricultural products.

In no country has the natural saving capacity, and therefore the danger of overproduction, been increasing to the same extent as in the United States, particularly since the War. In addition to individual and voluntary savings, there are factors working to create each year considerable sums of forced savings. The constant progress of all the different branches of insurance and the immense funds amassed by insurance companies constitute, for a nation, forced savings of which the individual is more or less unconscious. Another large item of forced savings is represented by the yearly amortization of the federal debt of the United States, averaging for the past five years not less than \$900,000,000 a year.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the United States to-day is perhaps more fully equipped industrially than any other country in the world, and capital investments in the older branches of industry will therefore in the future probably show a declining curve. Another change of far-reaching importance is the reduced birth-rate, and still more reduced immigration, which diminishes the need for capital investments in older industries and therefore makes it still more imperative to create favorable conditions for the establishment and expansion of new industries, as well as for foreign lending.

It was only natural that the problems of production in excess of immediate marketing possibilities did not make themselves felt during the

years immediately after the War, owing to the great amount of reconstruction work that had to be done during that period. Another factor of importance working in the same direction was the rapid advance of the automobile industry, which provided new possibilities for capital investments, not only in the industry itself, but also in the auxiliary branches, such as the oil and steel industries, and, above all, through the enormous amount spent on improvement of highways. It is estimated that present capital investments of this nature in the United States exceed fifty billion dollars. Finally, the tremendous growth of the system of installment payments in recent years had the effect, as long as the system was expanding, of appreciably increasing the consumption of numerous articles. It seems as if these factors all ceased to exercise their stimulating influence at practically the same time. A period of adjustment of the economic life in the United States ought therefore to have been a natural development during the year 1929, and that this adjustment has taken the form of the present violent crisis is undoubtedly due mainly to the financial policy carried on during the period preceding the outbreak of the crisis.

SOME difference of opinion exists regarding the effectiveness of any monetary steps in combating a general economic crisis. It cannot be doubted, however, that a policy of low rates of interest and of capital return constitutes an effective remedy against a crisis like the present one, provided it can be applied to all the differ-

ent branches of credits and investments. This is rarely the case, and during the last years, in spite of very low rates for short-term money, the interest rates for long-term investments, particularly in the case of foreign investments, have remained abnormally high. These conditions indicate serious defects in the financial machinery which cannot be explained solely by pointing to unfavorable political events, which in many cases are more the consequences than the causes of present financial disturbances.

As a matter of fact, the economic structure of the world has gradually changed since the time when present banking traditions were established, so that these traditions no longer correspond to modern conditions. The disappearance of the great merchant bankers, who had a wide latitude in the choice of their investments and who were dominating factors in economic life, and the substitution for them of industrial corporations, large deposit banks, and insurance companies, all of which are more or less restricted in the use of their funds to clearly specified investments, have tended to divide credits and investments into different classes that have very little connection with each other and to make the whole economic structure more rigid than previously. The consequence is that to-day, at any rate in some of the creditor countries, the central banks are not in a position to influence to any great degree the yield rate of the two most important branches of investment, common shares and foreign bonds.

There are ample reasons why the central banks should have no direct influence on stock-market quotations,

but similar reasons do not seem to exist in regard to foreign bonds. Regulation of the foreign-bond market, which is virtually the same as regulation of movements of gold, ought to be one of the chief tasks of the central bank in any creditor country. In those countries where banks or insurance companies, either through regulations or through tradition, are prevented from acquiring foreign bonds, a more liberal policy in this respect would undoubtedly be of great value. It is unfortunate that those institutions which are best able to judge foreign bonds should be excluded from their ownership, and it is unreasonable to expect that the public, after the experiences of the last few years, should quickly regain confidence in this class of security unless some leadership is exercised by competent institutions.

No problem is at present of greater importance to the whole world than that of restoring normal conditions to the foreign-bond market. A revival of this market should immediately have a beneficial effect on the export business of creditor countries, but by far the most important result would be the removal of one of the chief factors that are now constantly depressing the price level for commodities. For this purpose the help of government and central banks is essential, but, apart from any steps that may be taken from official sides, there is a great field for private enterprises to improve and supplement the present machinery for international financing. It has for a number of years been one of the foremost points in the programme of Kreuger & Toll Company to contribute in a small way to this work.

Persons and Personages

PRESIDENT HOOVER

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

WHEN MR. HOOVER became President of the United States two years ago, the feeling was wide and deep that he belonged naturally to the great line of presidents. His reputation as an administrator was enormous. People spoke with bated breath of his work for Belgium and as Secretary of Commerce under Mr. Coolidge.

Now there is hardly anyone so poor as to do him reverence. The economic blizzard has swept over America, and it seems that at least eight millions are wholly unemployed. Mr. Hoover has done nothing to cope with the problem. A grim individualist, the passionate defender of big business, he will have nothing to do with obvious measures of relief. He attacks unemployment exchanges. He speaks with passion against unemployment insurance. For him the charitable agencies are the only method of coping with the problem. Yet one has only to see the long lines of unemployed at every office which advertises a vacancy to realize the bankruptcy of this attitude.

He is a poor speaker, and little that he says seems to impress people. He does not get on easily with other men, and there are few first-class minds in contact with him. The quality of most of his appointments is poor, and they seem to look less to the needs of the job than to his reelection in 1932. He has quarreled with Congress, and much of its legislative programme bears little resemblance to the policies he supports. He generates committees, but their reports seem to carry no weight. So far, at least, viewed either as a thinker or as a leader of men, it is difficult not to conclude that he has been a sorry failure.

What is the cause of this disappointment? Partly, I think, it lies in defects of character. President Hoover does not know how to handle men. He is jealous of quality, narrow in judgment, angry at opposition, too quick to mistake the rich man for the right man. He does not seem to understand the problem of dealing with human nature. He is stiff when he should be yielding, and pliable when he should be firm. He has a tendency to refuse to face grim facts, an inability to believe that his judgment can be wrong.

He thinks of to-day rather than of to-morrow, and the man with long views simply irritates him. He spends a large amount of time in what the

American calls 'playing politics'; his chief concern seems to be less the problems of the United States than the problem of how he can be re-elected President. And the result is a lack of courage and of ideas, simply because either would involve offending interests whose support he will need in the presidential election next year.

His own philosophy is another part of the explanation. It is wholly obsolete. America is the paradise of the rich; but, for the poor, no civilization is quite so ruthless. For President Hoover all good arises out of the effort of the successful. Private initiative is for him the keystone of the arch of national prosperity.

The result is that any legislation which seeks to protect the nation against the power of the rich is anathema to him. He cannot understand the social control of great natural resources like oil and water power. He refuses recognition to Russia simply because he hates the doctrines of Communism. Outside Lord Banbury, I doubt whether there is any member of the Tory Party who is not a radical compared to Mr. Hoover.

It is a pathetic outlook at the present time, simply because the creed that business men are the salvation of mankind has so completely broken down. Mr. Hoover is a Rip Van Winkle in ideas.

HE PREACHES the glory of free contract. He does not seem to realize that freedom of contract only begins where equality of bargaining power begins, and that, in individualist America, there is no shadow of approximation to equality of bargaining power. He insists on the splendor of private initiative; but not even corruption on a mountainous scale convinces him that there are some functions so vital to the national life that they simply cannot be left to the hazards of private enterprise. He preaches the importance of approaching problems with the technical impartiality of the scientific engineer; but he does not seem to realize that no engineering approach is valid unless the engineer is imaginative and filled with a vision of high purpose.

Give him a specific job where attention to detail is required, and he will do it admirably. He can organize standardized production. He can administer relief on the grand scale. He can inquire into a specific problem of which the contours have been defined. But to ask him for insight, intuition, imaginative vision, the power to plan a policy, is to demand of him qualities he does not possess.

Nor does he show courage. He does not master events, he waits upon them. He does not face his difficulties, he seeks to evade them. He is overwhelmed by the complexities of his task. He instinctively seeks the easy road. He does not seek the big way. He does not know how to enlist public opinion on his side.

No man in modern politics has such an opportunity as the American President. He is the vital part of the whole executive power. He permeates the whole process of administration. If he even whispers a point of view, there is an alert and eager public opinion ready for him to manipulate. The whole nation looks to him for leadership, and the respect for his office is something the like of which hardly exists in Western civilization.

Men like Roosevelt and Wilson showed how the nation can be made to respond to great leadership. Neither of them had a wide policy, but each of them put intense vigor into preaching its urgency. Both enlisted on their side devoted and passionate advocates whose life was passed in seeking to make it successful. Both, in their hour, symbolized the creative genius of the American people.

Nothing of this quality has been displayed by President Hoover. He does not arouse enthusiasm anywhere. He makes no impact upon the people as a whole. He does not arouse interest. He lacks the faculty of making men feel that his effort is important. No one any longer suggests that he is capable of planning on the big scale. His past reputation is spoken of now as a legend that could not have been true. Even among the conservative forces of America there is no ardor for him; men either shrug their shoulders or are coldly apologetic.

To the Progressives he merely symbolizes reaction, and they are even more bitter about him than they were about President Coolidge. They regard him as a force of negation in an epoch where what is required is, above all, positive inspiration and example. And, even when all allowances have been made for the world crisis in economics, there is a large element of truth in their indictment. Mr. Hoover is heavy and slow and backward-looking. He lacks energy of mind. His efficiency in detail is wasted, because it is uninformed by great principles. When the history of his administration is written it will be a record of great opportunities unperceived and urgent necessities neglected. Not for many years has a man from whom so much was hoped proved so signal and elementary a failure.

GRETA GARBO, THE WOMAN NOBODY KNOWS

By FELIX CLEVE

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE FATHER is a seafaring man. His eyes reflect it. Wind and sea have shrouded his face in a mantle. He is big and strong. To-day he arrived early in port, made fast his ship, said good-bye to the other seamen,

and went to his family. A few days later he will take leave of them, go down to the harbor again, weigh anchor, and set forth on the uncertain sea.

‘Greta, give me a kiss.’

‘Papa,’ cry all the children, ‘tell us a story.’

‘Good. All right. But first tell me what each of you wants to be.’

‘We want to be sailors like you,’ reply the boys.

‘And you, Elsa?’

The girl lowers her head, shrugs her shoulders, and looks about her absent-mindedly.

‘And you, Greta?’

‘I? I? A fruit seller.’

General laughter. The children clap their hands over the joke.

‘A fruit seller?’ asks her father.

With an earnest expression Greta runs over to a little bookshelf and picks out a book. ‘Yes,’ she replies, ‘a fruit seller. See here, read this story. It is very pretty. King Erik, the mad king, fell in love with a little fruit seller and drifted downstream one night in his little skiff. “Beloved little one,” he said, “the king comes to you. Be mine and you will have the castle in Stockholm. Say a word and the golden crown will glitter on your golden hair. I am Erik, the king of lovely dreams.”’

Everyone looks at the child in amazement but the father lifts her up and kisses her warmly on the cheek.

This scene occurred in Stockholm on Christmas 1918 in the house where Greta Garbo, then thirteen years old, was born. It is related in a book, described as a factual novel and entitled *The Life of Greta Garbo*, which is apparently the work of a Spaniard called César M. Arconada. Whether this Spaniard, Arconada, really exists is unimportant. Whoever wrote the book is a real poet and all his facts are true in a sense deeper than that of superficial reality.

‘Before I became a biographer,’ relates the author symbolically in his last chapter, ‘I was a harp player. I lived in a tall, dark building apart from the world. My window opened on a dirty courtyard where shadows lurked in every corner. But I was happy. Excuse me, please, I was really happy with my harp and my shadows.’ And then one night he forgot to close the window and heard as if by magic the conversation in the next room, thereby discovering the world of invisible secret realities. He left his harp and sought life among human beings. He first became a police officer and then a biographer. And when he saw Greta Garbo on the moving-picture screen he decided to become her biographer. The railway took him to Stockholm, but his imagination was what bore him into the past. He followed Greta’s shadow everywhere and became himself the shadow of this shadow. Finally, after he had written everything down, he ap-

peared in person before the real Greta Garbo in Hollywood to pay her a 'farewell visit.' The calling card he handed her bore these words, 'César M. Arconada, Biographer of Shadows.'

It is necessary to present the author of this book as he presents himself and as he wants to be seen in order to make it clear that all the known facts in Greta Garbo's career—the time she spent in school and as a helper in a beauty parlor, the time she spent studying in the Royal Dramatic Academy of Stockholm, her triumphant début in *Gösta Berling*, her trip to Berlin, Constantinople, back to Berlin, and finally to Hollywood, and last of all her recent home-coming to Sweden, with which the book ends—that all these facts merely provided such a novelist with a framework which either his knowledge or his intuition infused with the soul of the mysterious woman.

IS this an account of the rise of a film star from nothing at all to the summit of world fame? Does its author depict brilliant scenes and use mushy adjectives to describe the film business in Hollywood, and does he trick his book out with anecdotes, intrigues, love stories, and scandals? Anyone who expects such material will be sadly disappointed, for this writer only endeavors to paint a spiritual portrait. He wants to throw light on Greta's mystery and he believes, perhaps quite rightly, that he has succeeded.

'This much discussed mystery of Greta is no less than the mystery of a whole nation, of her own nation, thrown in relief against a brilliant background. Sweden, Sweden. An old country, a country built on broad lines and containing much that is indistinct and opaque. A dreary land, hermetically sealed in its own pride, weighed down with the burden of ancient days. A country in which people relish silence and always go about swathed in dark shadows. Greta is a true woman of her people. She now occupies a brightly lighted platform, surrounded by the noises of cameras and megaphones. She is living the outer life of the modern, unashamed movie world. She is living in the spotlight of many projectors, among the shouts of advertisers and the gibberish of the studio. But she is proud, not happy. She is full of devotion to her art, but has no love for this life.

'It is generally believed that Greta has a passionate temperament, but in point of fact she is cold. In her art she is the exact opposite of what she is in real life. She is passionate in her art but not in actuality. Greta's art can maintain itself only because it is so remote from life. If it were otherwise her life would be stronger and her art weaker. She is a woman who has no vital existence. Outside of her art, within which sphere she is so great, she is nothing. At best she is a strange, silent,

shy woman who hides her face and her ambitions behind the collar of her fur coat. Her seductiveness, her clinging garments, her big eyes, her deep passions, all these belong to the world of her art and are therefore unreal. In life, in the little bit of life that belongs to her, she is a brave child who does not paint her lips, dye her hair, or use perfume. She lives ascetically and wears long skirts, dresses that come up to her neck, and low-heeled shoes. She almost always goes without a hat. She is a good swimmer and goes riding, driving, and walking; she reads; she works.'

Really? And how about her relations with John Gilbert, the famous movie hero? Is it true that these two were secretly married? Our author answers this question with a half yes and half no in a chapter that is certainly one of the most beautiful and poetic in the book. And at the end of the chapter he inquires what is the truth, the real biographic truth. It is a secret, a fog such as lies over Sweden, the land of fog. Initiates know that such a marriage never occurred, yet the legend persists. John Gilbert did not conceal his love. He bought a yacht and called her its captain. When Greta was asked about him, she replied, 'Love? I am much too busy to think about such a thing. I know nothing about love. Nothing. Does anyone?' And since there is no prevailing against a fog, I feel that the biographer was right to close this chapter in such an atmosphere.

'Beloved little one, the king comes to you. Be mine and you will have the castle in Stockholm. Say a word and the golden crown will glitter on your golden hair.' Thirteen-year-old Greta wanted to be a fruit seller, so this story says, because the girl to whom King Erik, the mad king of beautiful dreams, spoke these words was a fruit seller. In the book of this mysterious Spaniard, Arconada, there is not a syllable of the rumor that for some time has been current, that this youthful dream of Greta Garbo is soon to be fulfilled. The report that a Swedish prince is thinking of taking this film queen home with him will not down. There is not a syllable to this effect in the book. Only the scene from her childhood. Arconada is indeed a truly delicate and tactful author.

TELEPHONING REMARQUE

By W. DUESBERG

Translated from the *Gaceta Literaria*, Madrid Literary Semimonthly

REMARQUE lives two steps away from me at 5 Wittelsbacherstrasse, but when I called on him he said, 'You know, it troubles me to have you here. Let's talk on the telephone and I shall feel much freer.' I returned to my house and called Oliva 54-51, and Remarque, who is

usually cold and reserved and speaks with lowered eyes, surrendered completely. The telephone gives him courage, for Remarque is incapable of the evasions necessary when callers become too insistent, and a telephone conversation can be ended by simply hanging up the receiver.

'You should be enjoying a rest. You must have spent a long time on your last book.'

'Yes, a year. Now I am busy changing it.' Remarque's voice is sonorous, grave, accustomed to long pauses. It has the rolling inflections of ready, intense sympathy and complete sincerity.

'Did you write it alone?'

'What?'

'I mean, are you the sole author of your book?'

'My God, what do you think? It is entirely written by my hand, in the style of *All Quiet on the Western Front*.'

'How do you go about your work?'

'I left my native country to avoid friends and I worked in the small frontier villages of Switzerland and Holland. It was hard for me to concentrate. In order to do so, I had to have quarters stripped of any kind of comfort. I paid forty marks for two rooms and a kitchen. My study contained only chairs and a table, nothing more. The sight of a couch would have given me an irresistible desire to stretch out and sleep. It is not difficult to write books, but it is hard to stick at them and not rise from one's desk. The public often believes that a book is written at one stroke in a kind of divine ecstasy, *in einem göttlichen Rausch*, but I have to make extraordinary efforts to finish whatever I have begun. Sometimes I have sat at my desk from nine in the morning through the entire day without being able to write a single line, and have not begun to work until two in the morning. After ten minutes of waiting I have been seized with such despair that if I had ever left my room in those moments it would have been the end of everything. I know so many people who are highly gifted and have brilliant ideas and who should be doing great things but who do nothing because they leave their rooms too often.'

'You do not seem very happy, Herr Remarque.'

'I am less happy than I have ever been, and I have been in this condition for a year, ever since the time that I worked on my book accompanied by friends who are now dead. I was not happy during the War—no one was. Then, later, my mother died and my father remarried. Do you know what that is like?'

'But in any event you are independent, and many times a millionaire.'

'Ah, yes. I am independent, but not a millionaire. I have not got a million, but I appreciate independence.'

'Because, before, you have gone hungry?'

'I have often been hungry. Like many other people, I have frequently gone whole days without food. After the War I became a school-teacher in a village. But the solitude weighed upon me and I left for the large cities. I have held various jobs. I was a bookkeeper, publicity man, automobile racer, traveling salesman, old-clothes dealer, and even a clown in a gypsy circus. Finally, I became a journalist. But after the inflation I experienced—like so many others—a crazy fear of losing my job, and I can say that since that time I have never been happy.'

'You are too melancholy.'

'No, but I have the feeling that I have wasted my time.'

'But you are only thirty-two and you should have a high opinion of yourself.'

'BY NO means. And I beg you not to believe that I say this from false modesty. I have done nothing unusual. Other war novels are much better than mine, and I should be very happy if, when people saw me, instead of saying, "Look, there goes Remarque, the author of the famous book," they would say, "There's a nice fellow." My success is due to luck. I do not consider myself in any way an exceptional or superior being. My friends say, "You're crazy. You ought to thank God for having been so successful." I can't understand them, and neither do I feel obliged to wear a jubilant expression. Perhaps it will come some day, but at present I am not at all satisfied with myself. I've written two books; they're finished, and now they no longer interest me. When people ask me for interviews I refuse and I shall always do so. In order to talk to others it is necessary to have something to teach them. One thing, however, has given me great pleasure and that is the letters that I have received from everywhere during the last two years. Some of them were very moving. The anonymous ones were the most sincere. I have not been able to open them all and that has made me feel very remorseful. Often I pick up a few at haphazard and answer them. I have also received reliquaries, images of saints from Mexico.'

'Well, you can see that you are well loved. That should be a reason for living.'

'Do you think so? I'm glad to have helped some unfortunate people carry on and accept life. To-day it is more necessary than ever. In my new book, *The Road Back*, there is an episode that clearly explains my whole thought. A boy, after many struggles, is seized with a terrible despair. It is a summer afternoon. He tramps across fields. Finally, tired, exhausted, used up, he lies down on the grass, and then, looking slowly about him, he sees a little stalk with a tiny bug on it, and begins to hope once more. The miracles of life come from the most insignificant

things. They occur when the arguments of the mind have no more effect on a man. They give his lifeless soul new impulses.'

'And what are you going to do now?'

'That's what I think about night and day. What am I going to do? I should like to change, to get away from myself, but one never changes at heart. To be perfectly frank, many times I am afraid of being too much alone with my thoughts. It does not do to follow certain reflections too far, because one exposes one's self to madness. Perhaps after a while I shall no longer write. I don't believe that after a book is finished one believes that everything is said, that nothing remains to be said, that one is spiritually bled white. But I know one thing, that only now have I begun to live like a man. I do not recognize anything but an infinite zone of life. I want to work for myself and acquire the experience that I lack, and above all, a knowledge of men. Perhaps I shall also conquer this terrible timidity that others take for hostility or vanity. For instance, this conversation that we are now holding will make me nervous for two days. Forgive me, but I am really very depressed.' His voice faded at the other end of the wire and then became audible an instant later. 'Fundamentally, I have no positive opinions on human existence. God or death . . . Give me time to grow old. You remember the words of Beethoven, don't you? "When we are both seventy years old we shall be able neither to affirm ourselves nor see ourselves; we shall then begin, little by little, to try to get somewhere."'

We hung up at the same time. It was twenty minutes after four. The interview had lasted exactly two hours. And let it be said in praise of the Berlin telephone service that we were not cut off once.

A VISIT TO MORGAN

By DR. RICHARD LEWINSOHN

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

AMID the skyscrapers of downtown New York, which shot up to the heavens with the stock market and now seem somewhat oversize, a few old two- and three-story buildings remain as bulwarks of high finance. In these violent surroundings they look like distinguished country houses. As a big Wall Street banker of German descent proudly explained, 'Anyone can build higher, but no one can build lower than I.' So it is. On the most expensive land in the world only the richest can afford not to build skyscrapers. One does not look up, but gazes respectfully down on the peak of American financial power. That is the way of Wall Street.

This style was set by John Pierpont Morgan, whose house stands on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets like an eighteenth-century fortress—straight, rectangular, unadorned. Only those who are strongly established can afford to be so modest. The building is not old, but it was designed in a traditional style, and the scars that it received as the result of a bomb attack shortly after the War have never been removed. A few years earlier John Pierpont himself was shot at and nearly killed—which goes to show that the life of a Morgan is not without its perils. To ward off future attacks, two detectives keep constant watch before 23 Wall Street.

In still other respects Morgan deviates from the American business principle of the open door, which is observed even in the White House. It is not easy to gain an audience with him. Ordinary bank customers do not come here, and his nine hundred employees are housed, almost bashfully, it would seem, in a neighboring structure. Only a few people have occasion to enter the building that bears the name, 'J. P. Morgan & Co.' But when you have crossed the threshold that old John Pierpont, the superstitious father of the present head, once had exorcised, an idyllic family picture presents itself. Behind a glass partition on your right, father, son, and faithful helpers are sitting. The business method, so popular in American offices, of having men who work together sit in the same room has here been pushed to an extreme. The fifteen partners of the house of Morgan are stationed one behind another at two rows of little desks, like a class of schoolchildren. Way in the back, as *primus omnium*, is John Pierpont; then come Lamont and the others, *secundum ordinem*. The second row holds Junius Morgan, the crown prince of the Morgan dynasty; and Parker Gilbert, the most recent member of the firm, has a corner seat in front.

The desks are so close together that conversation must be conducted in a lowered tone so as not to disturb the others. To be sure, there are conference rooms on the floor above for special negotiations, but the principal business of the day is transacted in this narrow room. The spaciousness of our banking palaces is lacking, as are the marble splendors and the hosts of uniformed attendants to which we are accustomed. Everything runs along as smoothly as possible. From time to time one of the stenographers who sit outside the glass door smoking cigars is called in, takes dictation, and vanishes. The younger partners cross over to confer with John Pierpont. Junius, the heir apparent, walks up to his father, with his coat on and his hat on his head, to speak to him about some domestic matter.

Seeing them there together, one realizes that the Morgan family has improved greatly in outward appearance in the course of the generations. The old John Pierpont, the founder of the firm, was the target

of all caricaturists because of his huge nose. The present John Pierpont inherited his father's massive figure and mighty head, but his features are more amiable; they mirror the creed of the second generation: live and let live. The grandson Junius, a tall, thin, blond young man in his thirties, would cut a good figure at any English horse show.

Will he also be able to hold his ground in Wall Street? That is the question on which the future of the house of Morgan will depend, but it is not yet a vital issue. John Pierpont Morgan, now in his early sixties, seems more alert and active than he did when I last saw him in Paris in the chilly days of the Young Conference, which he attended wrapped in a thick woolen shawl. Running a million-dollar business takes a man's full energy, but a billion-dollar business can prosper, as John Pierpont proves, though its head spends half the year on his yacht in Bermuda, on the French Riviera, or in the Scottish highlands. It does not decrease Morgan's significance that his personal leadership is not always necessary and that his name alone suffices. Whoever is able to preserve the family prestige for eighteen years—for the old John Pierpont has been dead that long—may lack the genius of his progenitor, but he is more than a lucky heir.

MOST Germans have no conception of the magic influence still exercised by the house of Morgan. Not only is Morgan the greatest Wall Street banker; he is in a class by himself, and a great distance separates him from the other New York banking houses. Letters from the house of Morgan—they do not bear the firm name, but are marked only '23 Wall Street,'—are no ordinary communications; they are intelligences from another sphere, and even in distinguished banking businesses they are opened only by the head of the firm. Respect for Morgan is no empty Byzantinism, for he rules his domain in a thoroughly despotic manner. He does not offer his customers the loans he brings out, as other banking houses do; instead, he apportions the right to participate in a Morgan loan as if it were a dispensation. It is not always convenient for those concerned. The methods by which Morgan places loans have often imposed heavy burdens, especially on country banks. But no one dares to return him a negative answer, for that would mean being stricken from the Morgan list, and no one wishes to suffer such a loss of prestige.

It seems that even the Young loan, the largest loan to which Morgan has signed his name in recent years, was partially placed in this manner, and that this fact accounts for the unsatisfactory development of its market value. John Pierpont Morgan is a stern preceptor to his loan children, even when, as in this case, there is no doubt as to their pa-

ternity. After he has helped them over the first few weeks, he expects them to learn to 'go' by themselves. Although they often sink and fluctuate, he thinks that good loans will gradually learn to maintain themselves. The idea may be flattering to Germany, but it does not always work out well in practice.

In Wall Street the Young loan indicates the degree of financial and political confidence in Germany. But Young-loan quotations do not determine the extent to which Germany can have recourse to American credit in the near future. That depends in greater measure on circumstances that lie outside the European financial situation. One leaves the house of Morgan without any great hopes in this direction. There is plenty of money in America, but one must not be deceived by the low interest rate. There is money for big business, but the small merchant in New York and the farmer in the West suffer from scarcity of credit just as much as their European colleagues, despite the seeming abundance of money. Even in America, there is an increasing amount of business activity on the part of cities, states, and the federal government, and this is using up the capital that has accumulated on all sides as a result of the slowing down of business enterprise. And even the capital that is now free is destined to be absorbed by the banks. After the stock-market crash the banks had to take over from their customers securities of all kinds and as a result have been left with billions of dollars in stocks and bonds, which is strictly contrary to American banking principles. But America is progressing, and this means that the banks will soon be selling their securities to the public again. Not till then will Europe be able to borrow on a large scale.

Even in Wall Street one senses that Europe is once again remote from America. Domestic problems are narrowing the field of vision. No understanding of the inner unity of the world economic crisis can affect this simple fact. Of course the house of Morgan shares the optimism common to all America, but this time the situation cannot be solved easily. In 1907, during the last big financial crisis before the War, old John Pierpont opened his gold reserves to the Stock Exchange—and the sun began to shine again. Now Morgan must be content to blow away a few clouds from the Wall Street sky. For the 'prosperity' houses around the Morgan corner have become too high. They are casting deep shadows on the economic situation, and some time must pass before more light can enter.

The late Walter Rathenau, former foreign minister of Germany and president of the German General Electric Company, is receiving increasing recognition as one of the great men of our age. Here are some of his unpublished letters.

Letters to a LADY

By WALTER RATHENAU

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

A NEW ADDITION to the Rathenau literature has just been published—*Walter Rathenau, Letters to a Girl in Love*. Fräulein Lore Karrenbrock, to whom these letters were written, was born on June 29, 1895, and died on November 14, 1928, leaving the letters of the man she loved to the Rathenau Foundation. This foundation is now making them public in accordance with the wishes of the person to whom they were addressed. They show the greatness of this victim of murderers, revealing his qualities in all their admirable purity and spiritual clearness.

GRUNEWALD
October 10, 1918

THANK you for your dear words and for the beautiful essay, my dear Fräulein. I keep this as a memento

dearer to me than if it were printed. I stand in the midst of conflict, for people do not like me. If one person took my side with all his heart many others would be angered and hardly anyone pleased. Our destiny is frightful, I see it coming. I greet you warmly.

Your
RATHENAU

GRUNEWALD
New Year's Day, 1919

DEAR FRÄULEIN,—

I thank you for your lovely Christmas greeting with hearty wishes for the New Year. I shall begin to hope again if the people start to grow conscious of themselves. It is stirring from a human point of view, but discouraging from a national point of

view, that the holidays should be celebrated in pain and suffering. One confidential bit of news will please you. Through a representative studying the German situation, House told me to-day that he read my letter and was deeply impressed by it and gave it at once to Wilson.

Your

R.

GRUNEWALD

November 3, 1919

DEAR FRÄULEIN LORE,—

Your letters, especially the despairing one to your brother, have filled me with care and sorrow. What shall I, what can I do for you? You want me near you, want my support and a part of myself, and how gladly would I give it to you. But I no longer belong to myself, I have given myself away. Nothing remains to me; hardly an hour for rest and hardly any sleep. I am but a stranger who has come to bequeath himself, and as soon as I have given myself out completely I shall live no longer. In private life I should not tolerate giving up so much of my time, I should not bear the weight of hatred and hostility that lies on my shoulders; but I do put up with all this because I have no will of my own, no homestead, no private life, but am like a man in an armed turret who has his orders and works a machine gun.

You want to live for my sake. I feel this with gratitude. Nobody has ever yet wanted to live for me alone. You are the first. Everyone has wanted me to live for them, and that was natural because, as far as my strength allows, I do live for them all, though of course in a different sense from what people want. For what they

want is not me myself but things that are attached to me, yet apart—stimulation, support, ideas, negotiations. They do not want me myself, but refuse me. You could not live for me in the usual sense. A motor like myself needs but little oil, which may be supplied by any hand at all. It goes on running as long as the fuel that drives it holds out. If you want to exist for my sake, you can do it only by existing for your own sake, not in the usual sense, but in the sense of existing for the sake of the powers that are given you. Do you believe that I have in mind books that you must write and that will be printed? Perhaps you are living for me in that you are helping Klaus, or whoever needs your help. I should like to ask you to be with me one of these dreary autumn evenings, but I should be so unspeakably distressed by the thought of your cold ride home, and I cannot accommodate you for the night. Perhaps you will come early Sunday afternoon if I promise not to keep you beyond the first hour of evening? I am no longer so concerned about Klaus. When you come, tell me his address so that I can send him my last piece of writing. Good night. Fear not and don't be sad.

GRUNEWALD, *Wednesday evening*
November 26, 1919

YOU are right, dear Fräulein Lore, I too am against any settlement, for it is fruitless. But to render one's own people defenseless seems to me a dreadful wrong, even if it has apparently ended the War. I say 'apparently,' because even to-day the War is not over, and the thousands of people who are dying in Austria and in our own

country are dying as a result of the war that is being waged on those who cannot defend themselves. Therefore I had to reply to L. I know that many who are akin to me in spirit will take offense. People of my kind agree fully with nobody, therefore their effects on their contemporaries are very limited, and it is a mistake if they move with the times, in other words, play politics. They must confine themselves to the work consigned to them.

I am glad that you have seen my father's picture. When you pay your next visit I shall show you a more human representation of him. He was hard toward himself and others, yet good, pure, and childlike. I have never known a more genuine man, but his whole nature went into visible creation. There was something Napoleonic about him, strength but no craftiness, no routine, no cleverness. He was somewhat like the early fathers, like Abraham. He thought in terms of things, not of conceptions and values. He took the situation in which he found himself as it was, except where his own work was concerned. In that field he was keen, imaginative, and remarkably intuitive. It was a great shame that he did not use his strength to bring order into the world. He wanted his will to prevail only when his own work was involved.

BERLIN, *Night*
July 21, 1921

DEAR FRÄULEIN LORE,—

On my return I find your sad greeting. Would that I could make your poor heart a few years older. I know this yearning and feel what you are going through, but I know,

too, how vain it is. A sense of community comes only in the world of understanding, and even there it is a passing deception. Our souls follow their courses like the stars in the firmament and could not possibly leave their established orbits and meet each other. If such a thing were to happen the sun would explode and we should be blasted to atoms.

There is only one thing for your heart to do. To give of itself to those who need you. People are so much poorer than they know and I believe that every child has need of you. When we suffer most bitterly people tell us that we have not forgotten ourselves enough, and have not thought enough of others. Renunciation is the echo of our cravings. If you but felt how great is the mission of those who cannot be satisfied with redemption. We do not give ourselves when we give in accordance with our own wishes. We should give in accordance with the needs and wishes of others.

Of course this sounds as if I had done my duty in this respect. Not at all. Only because I know where it lies do I presume to tell you, so that you may know it, too.

SPECIAL interest is also attached to Lore Karrenbrock's accounts of Walter Rathenau's aphorisms, which she remembered from their conversations. Here are some of them.

DON'T be so overbearing. Don't try to force everything. You can't force anything in life. Things are hard as stone if you throw yourself against them, but they are weak as a

child if you lay your hand upon them, so let it be a gentle hand. People should not be so impatient, but should leave things alone and let them ripen naturally. Above all, one should not weigh one's self so carefully. Do what will be done within you, otherwise it will be done to you anyway.

Every activity has two stages, reception and production. You are now in the receptive stage. Remain in peace. Let whatever you are to become grow within you without interference.

If you have recognized that you have been given a heart and a mind, then you are no longer free, as instinctive people are. It is your duty to make use of these gifts.

If you really are convinced that there is nothing in this world to be afraid of and that there is nothing to yearn for, then you must find your way through to a new life, to yourself. I know what makes you so terribly distressed. This thing here within you is a little too powerful. I, too, have known this experience. I have suffered almost physical pain from the wild dictates of my heart, which made my breath come short, but that has passed by.

People like myself can experience things of an inward nature only once. They cannot sit about the family table conversing. When they talk they speak blood. It has become almost impossible for me to talk in a social tone of voice. If I have to conduct a conversation with a young lady at the dinner table it takes as much effort as it would to spend four years in continuous dictation. Also, if I jest with my mother I sweat inwardly as I try desperately to find a few amusing anecdotes and extract them from the

same brain in the back of which serious questions are moving about. It is like a fully armed musketeer dancing a tango with a young lady. His knapsack twists and pulls; the sweat runs down his face, and the young lady thinks, 'God, how awkward he is!' Because everything turns to blood and to the deepest kind of experience, I do not often encounter people with whom I have an inner understanding. Furthermore, I could not see such people every evening. Ordinarily I can only see neutral people, and I see many such individuals daily. Foreigners and political and economic representatives come to me, but there is no getting together between human beings. All this is labor, work. I look at all these neutral people as if through a wall of glass.

Action is nothing. Feeling everything. A man can come to me and tell me he has committed the most terrible crime. He can come with blood on his hands, but if his heart is pure he is free. The deed done is at once forgotten. It has gone as soon as the man who has done it has freed himself from it.

By raising wages and shortening hours of work we do not make the masses any more spiritual or any happier. The party leaders think they know what the masses lack, but they don't. They know only external things and nothing can be done with them. Time, will, beliefs must again be created for the masses. Nothing about them has changed since the Revolution. On the contrary, the air is as poisoned as it was during the War. It still smells of gunpowder. But the change is already noticeable in the children. Have you ever observed them on the street? But we

must build up a new life, not only with these children, but with older people as well. We must give them a new form of life, a new belief.

When I see water beginning to boil I always like the first tiny little bubble that rises to the surface by itself. It is like a prophet announcing his mission, and thus revealing what is to come. I know that the fulfillment of what I foresee and know for certain to be coming may not occur for decades or even longer. But, absurdly enough, I cannot help but wish with the whole strength of my soul that it will happen to-day or to-morrow. There is something irrational about this, for at bottom it is all the same to me whether the change occurs three hundred or five hundred years hence, yet I hope it will occur to-morrow, for I must bear witness to it. I cannot tell how the street-cars will look when the change comes, but I know how men will look, how they will speak and act, what the spirit of the future will be. There is certainly a great deal of madness in what we say, but the important thing is what we believe, see, and proclaim.

THE Jews are no longer a people, that is, a nation or state, and will never be one. The Zionist efforts are a form of atavism. The most spiritually important Jews have lost all national feeling. They recognize only men, and it may be that eventually we shall have no more nations but only human beings. What holds the Jews together and prevents them from mixing with the Aryan race is the Jewish proletariat. The other classes of Jews do not necessarily prefer Jews to other men. What binds me to the

Jews is chiefly a feeling of ancestry, not a family feeling, for that would be too narrow. I feel just as badly when a man is anti-French or anti-Russian as I do when he is anti-Semitic. How can anyone see an end in life in being 'anti' something, that is to say, in hating? No, there is no national feeling among us, but the Germans must remain a nation and therefore our whole strength belongs to them.

There are so many misunderstandings. Our whole life is made up of them, good and evil. We must stop thinking of guilt and bad intentions.

Such a love as you demand scarcely exists. . . . There is a greater difference between men who make no creatures happy and those who do good to even the smallest creatures than there is between beggars and millionaires. . . . We should not make any personal claims on other people, but let everyone be what he is. If one man is interested only in bowling or horse racing, that is too bad and I cannot help pitying him, but I should not look down on him or underestimate him. All we can do is to give him what we recognize as good without forcing it upon him, merely because we wish to make him happy.

I see one result of my writings which indicates to me that I am on the right path in always saying what I consider necessary: no private individual, no writer has been so bitterly hated as I. I seem always to hit people where they are most sensitive, that is to say, where healing and change are most necessary. They feel toward me as they do toward a dentist. They seek some way out of the pain that I inflict on them, some object on which to avenge themselves. Their suffering must be localized and

therefore they hate me personally. They always bring forward three or four complaints against me—that I have saved an estate in the country during the collapse, that I am an industrialist, that I live in tremendous extravagance, and many other things besides. I do not suffer from these attacks. People are like children: if they are distressed, they are naughty. One should hate nobody. I prefer that they should libel me rather than another man who might not be able to bear it so well.

Dictatorships do not help. A dictatorship must use force, just as our present government does. A dictatorship is composed of men who are not essentially different from the people they rule, men who are always the victims of their own weaknesses and incapacity and who finally make the same mistakes that rendered the former ruling class unbearable. Look at the army that Lenin and Trotsky have raised. Within a few decades the successors of the present Russian dictators will have created a firmly established nobility that will rule the country's millions without letting itself be fortified organically with new elements of strength. No, a dictatorship cannot bring real socialism. The people themselves must be ripe for it,

and that is not yet the case. As long as leadership, and therefore dictatorship, is necessary, it can be supplied only by individuals. But the time when people let themselves be led by individuals is past. The remedy can only come gradually from the inside out, from the people themselves. We must perform a labor of love among human beings. In the past five years Germany has disillusioned me bitterly. The Germans have never been able to erect free institutions of their own accord. They are too heavy, too indifferent, too unpolitical, and in the recent epoch they have become too mechanistic.

The time when love seeks a personal object, when one gives one's self passionately, with all one's heart, to another human being, has passed for me, as it passes for everyone. I also have sought with all the strength of my soul a person for whom I might sacrifice my whole life, but I have found none, not even among men. Who knows what would have happened to me if I had found such a person? Now I have need of much solitude. That is the deepest reason why I remain unmarried. I should have made a wife unhappy, for I should have had to live remote from her. Nature has prevented that.

The career of the Soviet Foreign Minister shows what manner of men are ruling Russia. Maxim Litvinov is here revealed as a revolutionist with yearnings toward middle-class respectability.

Little Papa LITVINOV

By S. DMITRIYEVSKI

Translated from the *Querschnitt*
Berlin Modernist Monthly

TO-DAY he is fifty-five years old. Behind him lies a long life, most of it spent defying the law. Before him lies uncertainty, but the present is such as he could never have imagined.

He says in his autobiography that at the age of twenty-two he began spreading revolutionary propaganda among groups of workingmen. He was arrested and sentenced to banishment in Siberia, but escaped from Kiev and fled abroad with nine comrades. It is said that he himself worked out the plans for this daring flight and that his presence of mind and cleverness were what made it possible. Later he paid two illegal visits to Russia, secretly fomenting trouble, but was never arrested. His ability to face the most difficult situations with a straight face has never left him.

At the time when his well-knit, muscular body swung itself over the

walls of the prison in Kiev, he looked different from the way he does now. His early photographs show a broad, high forehead and a countenance full of youthful impetuosity, but since then many years have passed. His formerly elastic body has grown fat. When he is sitting in a chair or in an automobile, his body does not seem to be made of bone and muscle but of a formless mass of dough enveloped in clothes, and his face seems to be made of the same material. It, too, is doughy and bloated. The corners of his mouth sag like an English bulldog's. Only his forehead has kept its former shape, though his eyes have retained their fire.

But he hardly resembles a revolutionary who once worked as an underground agent and who often risked life and freedom. What he looks like is a typical, average bourgeois. A man of

his appearance would seem quite at home in a London broker's office, sitting at a varnished desk following the Stock Exchange. He looks as if he must spend his holidays eating stuffed fish and onions with bosom friends and taking his chubby, curly-headed children walking among the green lawns of Hyde Park. No wonder the most popular of all his many nicknames is 'Little Papa.' Even Lenin addressed him this way and his collaborators still call him 'Little Papa' behind his back. For this man seems to have nothing revolutionary, proletarian, or Russian about him, yet he sits in Moscow at the centre of Russia.

WHAT impelled him to revolutions, to labor unions, to Lenin, to prison? He came in contact with all these things at a period when the revolutionary movement was taking a new lease of life after a brief period of defeat. Heroic traditions still lived in intellectual Russian circles. Litvinov was twenty-two. His soul had not been sullied by the filth of real life. What more natural than that the idealistic strivings of the intellectual Russians should awaken an echo in this soul? Furthermore, the rebellious spirit of his race worked within him. He was a Jew born in Russia, a country that despised his race more than any other country. He knew the unalleviated miseries of life in a small Jewish quarter. Poverty, smells, no rights whatever, utter hopelessness. Human beings smothered each other. They were packed together like rats in a narrow cage, and there was no way of escape. To maintain one's own life one had to turn on other people and crush them to earth. Only a few fortu-

nate fellows succeeded in winning a reputation and money. The weak collapsed and went under. Men of spirit had every reason to hate the powers of oppression and to become rebels, and many powerful revolutionists originated in the little provincial towns of southwestern Russia.

Litvinov was a powerful man and above all a man eager for life. This eagerness was the real driving force of his career. He wanted to win through at any price. He struggled to attain a decent life, money, reputation, power among men. If his youth had been passed a little differently it is quite probable that he would have emigrated from Russia. Abroad he would have been able to live the life of the average man, speculating on the Stock Exchange, dealing in leather, coffee, or grain, and thus realizing the dream of his life. But he came in contact with the Revolution and that determined his fate.

I believe that Tolstoi once said that there are two kinds of men who become revolutionists, those of high moral qualities who at other times and under other circumstances would have been considered saints, and those who are below the average run of human beings, bandits, degenerates, extortioners. This is, of course, absurd. Revolutionary groups, like all other groups, are composed of normal human beings. They are people who have taken that course because chance decreed that they should, because destiny wished it that way.

Litvinov is neither a saint nor a bandit; he is a completely normal human being. He is the business man of the Revolution. That small grain of idealism in his youthful soul disappeared as soon as he came in contact

with the realities of Western Europe. He found himself at once. He dared not dream of allowing his youthful eagerness for life to run its natural course. He could not let himself be played upon childishly by his nerves. He had to do business, and the word 'business' should be written in capital letters as it is in America. Furthermore, any business is considered a good one if it brings profits.

He did not say, as so many others did, 'Away with revolution.' He did not give himself over exclusively to dealing in leather, coffee, or grain. With the fine instinct of a born merchant he realized that the Russian Revolution might not be at all a bad business, that if it succeeded it might hold more profits than any other; and he made no mistakes in his calculations. All his kindred spirits, however, abandoned the revolutionary cause after their first contact with crude reality, losing their money, their homes, and all their power over people. He, on the other hand, sits in a ministerial chair and negotiates with the lords of the earth.

When Lenin came to know him, he understood what a valuable recruit to the cause a man so innately foreign to revolution might be. There were enough dreamers, theorists, authors of bitter tracts and boring pamphlets in the Bolshevik ranks, but there were almost no men of action except in the masses, in the lower social orders. But these were heroes of a different calibre. They could kill other men and die on the barricades, but who was to organize them, to put bombs and revolvers into their hands? Men like Litvinov, men of his stripe.

Litvinov could give even Lenin himself good, practical advice. In a

letter to the 'Little Papa' from Lenin, written in 1904, the following passage occurs: 'Dear friend, I hasten to reply to your letter, which pleased me very, very much. You are right a thousand times over. One must make up one's mind to act in a revolutionary fashion and strike while the iron is hot.' Lenin seldom wrote such words of praise. Litvinov, for his part, knew to whom he should attach himself. When the Russian Social Democratic Party split in two, he cast his lot irrevocably with the Bolsheviks. At their head stood Lenin, who understood the significance of practical action. Fewer meetings and discussions were held; fewer books, pamphlets, and resolutions written. They set about working for all they were worth to prepare the real revolution. Committees of conspirators and fighting troops were organized and they understood that the enterprise had to be founded on a firm basis. Millionaires were sought and discovered, whereupon money started to flow.

IT was at this period that Litvinov's revolutionary career developed most significantly. In 1903, when he returned to Russia without permission, he was put in charge of Bolshevik 'frontier administration.' This meant that he supervised the illegal arrivals and departures of conspirators, secret correspondence, literature, and arms. It was a good school for the future People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

Early in 1905, he attended the third congress of the party and made a speech on the subject of armed revolt, which he naturally favored. How else could any revolution be made?

In the summer of 1905 he was active in preparing such an outburst and organized a shipment of arms from England, but the steamer, *John Graf-ton*, in which the arms were to be delivered, was wrecked on the Finnish coast. Malicious gossips asserted that he had arranged for few if any arms to be on board and that this was the reason for the shipwreck, but Litvinov did not let such gossip disturb him and continued dealing in the business of revolution. In the autumn of 1906 he and Krassin, with money from millionaires who in this way were cutting their own throats, founded the newspaper, *New Life*.

In 1906 he fled from Russia, and, after returning in 1907 and finding the atmosphere not to his taste, he again went abroad. Indeed, if the great revolution had failed to materialize, he would probably never have returned to Russia again, for like many others he had begun to doubt the wisdom of the path he had chosen. The revolution had failed. The millionaires had realized that the time was not ripe and that when it did come they would play a very different part from what they had imagined. The Bolsheviks lost their financial support and the party languished for want of funds. Only Stalin's insistence kept a little blood flowing for a brief space of time through the wasted arteries of the revolutionary party and held Litvinov in the ranks of the Bolsheviks. Stalin took a few of Litvinov's revolvers and with two friends held up and robbed a messenger of the state bank in broad daylight. The money was, of course, entrusted to Litvinov, yet things continued to go badly. Nevertheless, he did not quit the party. He carried out its instruc-

tions and became the Bolshevik representative in the Socialist International, but doubt was eating further and further into his soul.

Then came the War. All connections were severed. The stream of men and money ceased. Litvinov was ready to let the revolution slide. He gave himself up entirely to private business, married, became a father, and wheeled his child in a baby carriage through the streets of London. Suddenly the Revolution broke. Litvinov was the first Soviet ambassador in England. True, nobody recognized him as such, but he was an ambassador just the same. Of course this did not last long and he was arrested, but the English consul general, Lockhart, was imprisoned in Moscow as the reputed organizer of British espionage and of many dark conspiracies. Lenin felt that Lockhart and Litvinov were equally valuable men and London was of the same opinion, so Litvinov was exchanged for Lockhart.

He was rather scared on returning to Russia. How would the story end? But he had no way of escape, and Russia offered the tempting possibility of honor, power, and money. He left his family and bank account in England and set forth.

Soon he began popping up in other foreign capitals, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Revel. He had become more assured and obstinate. Times were changing and business was good. In Revel he succeeded in cashing for himself the gold deposits of the former Russian government. But presently his funds ran out and he returned to Moscow, where he was given a post in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs as a counterweight to the theorist, Chicherin. He established himself,

sent for his family, and began to covet Chicherin's position, which he eventually obtained. Without belonging to Stalin's immediate entourage, he understood very well how to get along with him.

LITVINOV has never had any political ideas of his own and that is why he is remarkably well suited to the position of People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs. He does not contradict, he is not pig-headed, he clings to no preëstablished ideas; and since Russia is now taking a political course that he became quite accustomed to in his past life he is all the more pleased, for revolts and dealings in contraband goods and munitions are the breath of life to him. He adjusts himself both inwardly and outwardly to present-day Soviet policy. The surroundings in which he spent his early life have left their traces in his character. Dealers in stolen money and contraband weapons, smugglers, shifty bankers, business men of all kinds, these are the kind of people with whom he has had most to do. He talks their language, knows their manners and their way of thinking.

When he came in contact with diplomats he did not bother to change his ways. He learned a thing or two and mastered the technical aspects of his job, the diplomatic routine and the fundamentals of international law, but within he remained what he always was. That is why he has treated diplomats as if they were dealers in stolen goods and contraband weapons, racketeers and smugglers, nothing more. This attitude has determined Litvinov's tone and his whole policy. He repels such people as

the late Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, but he fits in beautifully with the cynical Moscow of Stalin.

Is this man who seems to have accomplished so much really happy? I doubt it. He lacks ultimate, complete satisfaction. Not only is he disturbed by thoughts of the future, for he has a clear head and must know better than anybody else where Stalin's experiments are leading, but his present way of life is not fully rounded. He is striving for power over men, yet every step he takes is watched by his superiors. In foreign eyes he is the leader of Soviet policy, but in reality he is only the correspondent of the Politbureau, the person who executes its commands. He has endeavored to achieve a safe, comfortable, pleasant life, but he must go without all that foreigners with money and power enjoy.

But Litvinov has the tastes and habits of a West European. Fundamentally he has the soul of a great individualist. He has no love for gray, suffering Russia, and the revolutionary, collectivized, barracklike, boring Russia of to-day is utterly foreign to him. Every year when spring comes he presents himself to the Central Committee of the party and by means of threats, complaints, and compromises succeeds in being granted a leave of absence abroad. That is his only relaxation and when he has crossed the border he breathes a sigh of relief, 'Free at last.'

But even here no real joy awaits him. He who has desired fame and honor his whole life long cannot visit foreign resorts as the world-renowned People's Commissar, Litvinov. He must travel under the assumed name of 'Engineer Maximov, from Tver.'

As if dietitians were not bad enough as they are, here is a short story that shows how easy it would be for them to add murder to their other crimes.

MURDER *à la Carte*

By JEAN TOUSSAINT SAMAT

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*
Paris Literary and Political Semimonthly

‘IF I tell you the truth, you will not listen to me. . . . You will listen to me only if I say, “This is a story.”’—Kalamatra to his disciple.

HIS VOICE had such a profound ring of truth in it that when he stopped talking the rest of us could not help staring at each other. Then one of us—I do not recall which—said aloud what we had all been thinking: ‘You’ve got to tell people about this. If you really know such things to be true, you can’t let it go at that. It ought to be published, at once.’

His only reply was a shrug of the shoulders.

Then someone else asked: ‘Why don’t you want to?’

He pushed back his chair, blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling. ‘Bah. What’s the use? No one would believe me!’

Immediately we all started talking at once, loudly, like a crowd of people gathered about a street accident, each trying to make his opinion heard without a thought for what the others were saying. Then we realized what idiots we must seem, and with equal abruptness fell silent.

He went on smoking his cigar and watching the blue smoke drift quietly toward the ceiling. He seemed detached from us, detached from everything save those bluish smoke clouds and the smoke rings that he was conscientiously blowing.

I stepped forward—we had by this time all risen from the table save him—and said: ‘All right. If you don’t want to do it, I will. If I publish it, they’ll believe me!’

He was a scholar and a man of profound human understanding. He spoke twenty languages, and never once used a false word.

Since he continued to look at me with doubt in his eye, I stamped my foot and shouted—yes, shouted in what must have seemed a ridiculously loud voice, ‘I tell you they *will* believe me!’

Finally he laughed and murmured, ‘Poor man!’

Well, here is the story.

LAST night I dined at the home of my friend Georges Rainfort, the traveler. There were six of us altogether, six globe-trotters come to honor the One who was the Great Globe-Trotter, the eldest of us all and our acknowledged master. He knows all the highroads and bypaths of all the world. He has examined the seven continents, forged through the seven seas. There is not an island in any ocean that he has not picked up with a curious hand, turned over, studied, felt, weighed, only returning it to its native waters when he was certain that it concealed nothing from him. One of those men of whom one can honestly say that what they do not know of this earth is not worth knowing.

During the course of the meal he said almost nothing. Our own conversation he followed with an air of abstraction; his mind was elsewhere. We tried in vain to find the note that would set him vibrating in sympathy with us. Whether through pride or through disdain or through mere coquettishness, he refused to give in.

Then someone said: ‘Queer, was n’t it, that Montblanc case? Do you suppose strychnine is at the bottom of every poisoning? How did it happen that *all* the guests at *both* weddings were taken ill? How do you explain

that? A monstrous plot against them all, or mere coincidence? Poisoning? But with what?’

At this point he raised his eyes. His hands were still occupied in mechanically twisting and crushing a crust of bread. Suddenly he set it down on the table, brought his fist down with a sharp, decisive blow, and began to speak. His tone was even and low, as in a monologue, which was really what he was about to deliver.

‘POISONING? What with? With anything you choose! *Or with nothing whatever!* I mean just that. People don’t realize it, that’s all. They think they know; they really don’t know anything about it. They think that you have to use a *poison*. Strychnine? Obviously strychnine is a poison. A killer. But the symptoms of strychnine poisoning are too well known. And besides, you have to *get* strychnine. But why bother with strychnine? You talk about poisons. There are hundreds of effective poisons. Ah, but their symptoms, too, are all known? And even those whose symptoms are n’t known reveal themselves in the autopsy? Well? There are things which are poison, and things which are not poison. Poison and nonpoison. There’s no trick about murdering with poison; any fool can do it, provided he has the killer instinct, or the desire, or the need. There are so many people, and they commit murder for so many different reasons: vengeance, jealousy, cupidity, ignorance, hate, love, to see what will happen, or never to have to see again. Imbeciles!

‘We want to murder someone. We have n’t the courage to walk up to

him and attack him, or for that matter to strike him from behind. So we go to the corner drug store, buy a penny's worth of rat poison, and give it to the son-in-law, the rich heiress, the man across the street, the husband, the lover. Then we have only to wash the cup carefully and wait until death strikes. But—there is a gauntlet to run: the family of the dead man, the coroner, the police, the judge, the jury, the jailer, and, at the end perhaps, the executioner.

'Our only chance of escape is that somewhere in that line is a man who will not do his duty, or will not realize it, or will do it badly—or who has better things to do. But there is always the chance that they will all do their duty, and then. . . ?

'All in all, not a very clever method. But there is a possibility that the crime will not be discovered? Of course. Out of every ten cases of poisoning, four are due to carelessness. To drinking or eating poison by error. These four cases are banal, uninteresting. Five cases have criminal intent at their origin. Of these five, three are never suspected of being crimes, two are prosecuted as such. Only one of these two results in a conviction. A conviction, I said—not punishment. Four cases plus three cases plus two cases; that makes nine. Nine deaths due to poison. Banal, all nine of them. But the tenth? Ah, *there* is something worthy of real admiration! Yes, I mean admiration. For the tenth case is one of poisoning by a nonpoisonous substance!

'A poison which is not a poison! Ah, the man who discovered *that* I consider to be a genius. A criminal genius, perhaps, but a genius nevertheless. An expert. A man who *knew*.

And I know what I'm talking about. Poisoning without poison? What with? Why, with the best dishes you ever ate in your life. With a whole series of them. In short, with a menu. A delicious little menu—or, if there is no hurry, a whole series of delicious little menus! Ah, gentlemen, that is art! Criminal, perhaps. Cowardly. But art! And I have known artists . . .

'One was a cook. An Annamite cook. Name was Nug-Hyen. Thù-Nug-Hyen from Phô-Vân-Nhoc. There was a man who knew how to plan a "menu" like no one else! I can tell you his name because he is dead now—poisoned. He had it coming to him. Another—Abbas-Ilahim, a Batavian innkeeper. He too knew his "menus"—those delicious-meals-that-strike-you-dead. He, too, died of poison—indirectly. And then there was Randriajafy, concession-holder and governor at Tsifory in Madagascar. His specialty was a "banquet for the inspector general." And a beast named Pitacunca, the sorcerer on the upper Amazon. He died early in his career. And an old scoundrel named Dolorès-Maria-Virgine Alvarez, who kept an inn (my God, what an inn!) in the Andes, on the highroad to Cuzco, over which the gold prospectors passed on their way back home, after two or three years of successful mining. And—there were so many others! Bah. Gone, all gone! In the long run, they were all stricken down by the same hand with which they had struck so many others—and no one can say that they did n't richly deserve it. The hand of God—with a good bit of human assistance.

'Still, what masterpieces they were—those marvelous, deadly meals, dish after delicious dish that the host him-

self was the first to eat and enjoy! What reason is there for suspicion when the cook, or one's host himself, one's delightful, attentive host, eats as heartily as you?

'What reason for suspicion? None, of course. Naturally. One never thinks of it, never realizes what is happening—unless one *knows*.

'Take milk, for instance. Delightful drink, is n't it? Finest example of a healthy food, is n't it? And then the artichoke! Is there any more delectable vegetable (is an artichoke a vegetable or a flower?) than the artichoke, especially when it is young and tender? Healthy, too. Good for you. Milk is good for you. Artichokes are good for you. Of course. But if you eat a French artichoke *after* having drunk a glass of milk, the milk curdles in your stomach and you are ill. Milk plus artichoke means something harmful. Now do you follow?

'Nature contains quantities of foods that are all excellent if eaten alone but that have a reacting mate, another food that acts as a catalytic agent which, if allowed to enter the stomach at the same time, brings about the formation either of a harmful substance or of a deadly poison. Nearly any food, given the proper catalytic, may decompose into a dangerous acid or salt. It all depends on the proper constitution of the menu.

'SOMETIMES the deadly menu is positive, so to speak; sometimes negative. We may call positive those menus that include certain dishes whose combination provokes a chemical reaction in the stomach or intestines which in turn brings about the formation of a poison. When the poi-

soner uses such a "positive" menu, he has merely to avoid eating one of the dishes in the mortal combination. Let us say, for example, that we have Ramon, José, and Josélita at table together. José and Josélita wish to kill Ramon. The two dishes which, when combined, will form the poison are, let us say, a stew (often it is a stew) and a salad. Ramon is on his guard, watches his hosts suspiciously. José passes the stew by. But Josélita eats hers heartily, takes a second helping—and naturally Ramon eats his. He does n't know how these things are done. Then comes the fish and the roast; all three eat fish and roast. The salad is brought on. Josélita says: "I've had enough. I can't eat any more." "You're making a mistake," answers José, and plunges into his salad with a will. Why should Ramon be suspicious? He helps himself to the salad also. Now the two necessary elements are together. Stew plus salad equals death. He dies—almost immediately, or after a long interval, depending on the requirements of the case. But the meal was *excellent*, throughout!

'On the other hand, we may call "negative" those menus arranged in such a way that if one *fails* to eat a certain dish, the combination of the others is fatal. Let us say, for example, that Pierre is stopping for the night with Paul and Julie, on his way back from a successful season's gold washing. He is tired and hungry. They sit down to supper together. Pierre, vaguely suspicious, watches the others and says nothing. Hors-d'œuvre, entrée, fish—all are brought on and all are partaken of heartily. Then comes the roast—a tender young monkey. Paul says in an offhand manner:

"Curious how much it looks like the corpse of a newborn baby!" Pierre's appetite disappears. "I don't believe I'll have any," he says, disgusted. "Don't force yourself," says Julie kindly. "Paul and I are used to it; you're not. Let me get an antelope steak for you instead." *They all eat some of the antelope.* Pierre has eaten *nothing* which the other two have not eaten also. In fact they have eaten even more than he—the monkey. There was where he made his mistake. He should have tasted the monkey in spite of his revulsion, for in the sauce or in the stuffing was the saving substance that would have prevented the poison from being formed. Neat, is n't it?

'There would be fewer unexplained deaths in Europe if the people in so-called "civilized" countries would only realize that such reactions can occur in the human stomach or intestines, and that you don't have to use poison to poison people with.

'The day they killed Thû-Nug-Hyen of Phô-Vân-Nhoc (he *bad* to die) he blubbered like a child because they tied him to the chair so tight; but for a long while he refused to confess. "Is it my fault," he wept, "is it my fault if the chief engineer's wife did not eat the fish with the caper sauce? That meal was the best meal I have ever served. It was *perfect*. You ate every bit of it yourselves and nothing happened to you. Why are you torturing me now? Was it my fault?"

'Thomas, the chief engineer, whose eyes were red from weeping for the wife who lay quiet and cold in the next room, said nothing. He merely kicked the candlestick gently along

the floor and under the chair to which Nug-Hyen was bound until the flame began to lick the seat on which the Annamite was sitting.

'Nug-Hyen blubbered and swore, then said in a weak voice: "Take it away, M. Thomas! For God's sake, take it away! The seat is burned through! Yes, I *knew* that Mme. Thomas hated caper sauce!"

'So they killed him. But before he died he had time to tell me what he knew—gave me the menus for those delicious-meals-that-strike-you-dead. And Abbas-Ilahim and all the others—they told me, too. Dolorès-Maria-Virgine was the hardest to persuade, but she was the best of all. An artist! A real genius!

'Forty-five menus they gave me altogether—but Dolorès-Maria-Virgine alone told me in addition her eleven incomparable dishes and her five delicious ways of brewing ordinary coffee. If you eat any one of those eleven dishes with ordinary coffee—or any other dish with coffee brewed in any one of her five ways—pfft! It's all over.

'There you are. All those people *knew*. I *know*. But who else does? They all *think* they know, but they are all, or almost all, completely ignorant. And if I were to tell them that people can die from perfectly innocent dishes, and do die—they'd laugh me out of Paris.

'Yet there is always the example of the milk and the artichoke. And the forty-five menus. And the five ways of brewing coffee.

'Now will you have a brandy? Come, a brandy can't do you any harm! Never? Well, I won't say that . . .'

Having established himself as one of the foremost younger British novelists, Aldous Huxley has just turned with equal success to the stage. Mr. McCarthy, the dramatic critic on the *New Statesman and Nation*, hails his first play as a masterpiece and a portent.

HUXLEY'S First Play

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S play, *The World of Light*, proves what an advantage it is for a playwright to possess in himself intellectual resources. Our stage usually concerns itself with people who are a little dull in mind. If we took a census of the stage population over the last seven years, the proportion of characters with anything approaching to an intellect would be lower than among the same number of real people, selected presumably for the interest of their adventures in life. Now the adventures and predicaments of the thinking sort are not more moving than those of the mindless, but they are more varied and curious. Hamlets, on the whole, are more interesting than Othellos. Smashing catastrophes and

violent crises are necessary to knock something startling out of plain, unreflecting blocks of humanity, while little Hamlets with quivering antennæ exhibit their depths in quieter contacts with life. In modern realistic drama this is an advantage. But to create such characters the dramatist must be himself intellectual; so the last thing critics should do, if they want an interesting and varied stage, is to warn intellectuals off it.

The intellectuals do justice to situations which arise out of the clash between simple and complex characters; these are always dramatically entertaining, and they are familiar with them in their own experience. If, too, religion, or indeed any systematic attitude toward life, political or moral,

happens to be part of a subject, they alone show its many facets. Have they not spent their own lives in walking round creeds, in collating ideas, and in digging at the roots of belief? In these respects they have a prodigious pull over nonintellectual dramatists. But their habits of mind lead them to distrust emotion. They learn to love the probe, but dread the glow. They are apt to shrink from conclusions; and a play without a conclusion is, well, to put it mildly, a play with a drawback. The stream of interest in a novel may lose itself in delta rivulets without our protesting loudly, but in a play the main current must plunge over a fall.

Mr. Huxley is, of course, an arch-intellectual. There lies the explanation of his play's being absorbing, rich, pointful, superior—and also of its close's shocking me. I had a curious experience in the theatre. I found myself clapping till my hands tingled at the end of every scene, every act; the acting had been so invariably excellent, the situations so taut, and the dialogue so true. But when the final curtain fell I fished for my hat with a groan. 'Butter-fingers! Everything prepared, led up to—and, plump, he let it drop!' I muttered indignantly. 'Why in the name of common sense, proportion, art, did he let us down at the end like that? Where was the point of it? What was he afraid of? The obvious? Surely not. The obvious is the crown and glory of a work of art, subtlety only a painful necessity; he knew that.'

Thus I soliloquized furiously. It was not until I had walked some way that I could even entertain a plausible guess at an explanation. But, please note, this protesting hubble-bubble

within me was a measure of the admiration and interest which the play had previously excited. No one cares a jot about mediocre work's going wrong. To show why my disappointment was justified, and at the same time a prodigious compliment to the dramatist, I must analyze rapidly a rather intricate play with about ten times as much in it as an ordinary one—and that is not easy.

Spiritualism, though there are two séances in the play, was not the theme of *The World of Light*, though some true things were said about it, and others suggested. In the first place, Mr. Aldous Huxley has science in the blood, and he is aware that the great field for new discoveries is always the unclassified residuum of phenomena; those exceptional and irregular occurrences which neighboring sciences find it easier to ignore than absorb. In the case of spiritualism such phenomena occur in circumstances so favorable to fraud and error that they are particularly suspect; moreover, ninety-nine out of a hundred books in which they are collected and commented upon are (it is obvious the moment you poke your nose into one of them) intellectually disreputable. They are mostly written by people who appear to think that anything unusual or unexplained proves their special conclusion.

In *The World of Light* the central crisis is the moment when a bereaved father and a heartsick girl discover that the youth, son and lover respectively, with whom they believe they have been in communication 'behind the veil' is alive. He interrupts their séance just as the concertina, announcing the presence of his spirit, has begun to play in the

dark his favorite air. This is not an object lesson in complete skepticism, but it reminds us that telepathy may sometimes explain occurrences attributed to spirits. Yet the pros and cons of an open question are emphatically *not* the dramatic subject. What Mr. Huxley was interested in was a far fitter subject for a drama: the appeal which spiritualism makes to human nature, the type of person for whom it can be a substitute for religion, and the moments when its appeal is strongest.

To me that identification is profoundly repulsive. The connection between religion and survival after death is adventitious; the link is the goodness of God as interpreted by man: if God is good surely He will preserve my personality intact forever and ever? But it is easy to envisage a universe in which human beings never died, and yet religious emotions had no place. Indeed, the glimpses of the spiritualists' heaven, vouchsafed through trances and rappings, resemble such a world. It is so pitifully like our own that one is inclined to answer the question, 'O death, where is thy sting?' by replying, 'Up the medium's sleeve.' Such a heaven only brings comfort to those whose 'immortal longings' are confined to the humble desire not to die, at any rate so soon, or to see again someone who is dead.

It would be disgraceful to take a superior attitude to desires so poignant and honestly human, but it is also human to remember that there is much more in religion than the satisfaction of those desires. Mysteries make an especial appeal to matter-of-fact people, whose experience has never been lit by poetry, romance, or

reflection; if you have never lived in the imagination you will welcome marvels at all costs. And to those who are approaching the end of humdrum experience, dimly but deeply conscious of having missed nearly everything, a mere prolongation of existence may seem a heavenly boon.

Mr. Aldous Huxley chose, therefore, for his central figure, for his spiritualist, a tender-hearted, methodical, elderly man. Mr. Wenham, chartered accountant, has never taken a risk, never strayed off the asphalt path of duty, in his life, never, though he was made for intimacy, come close to children, wives, or friends. He is so modest that he even shrinks from the use of the first person, preferring to say 'One does n't do this' or 'One does n't do that' (a good touch). But he knows, at last, too well that he exists alone in a monotonous world, a world in which responsibilities are the only realities and love cannot be found. What a susceptible subject for the appeal of religious spiritualism! But there is a gentle, firm integrity in old Wenham too, which—*this* is what his creator forgot at the end of his play—does link him to those who dare, and to those in whom life's sap is rising, not subsiding, and who do not feel as yet the pathetic longings of spiritual mendicancy. *The World of Light* is a remarkable play, if only because it brings home poignantly the difference between youth's view of death and life and that of age. And this is really the main theme of the play.

OLD Wenham has a son. Hugo is a Hamletish youth, much inclined to exclaim: 'O, what a base and peasant

slave am I,' because his home-education has made him play, invariably hitherto, for safety. Thus, when his father, at the prompting of his step-mother, who represents complete contentment with the actual, persuades him to propose to Enid, whom Hugo does not love, Hugo does so. But his more honest, adventurous self, with the help of alcohol, is spurred to rebellion against his home-bred 'conscience' by his friend, the life-worshiper, Bill Hamblin. Hamblin persuades Hugo to fly—literally—to the South Seas with him in an *aéroplane*; and Enid, who knows that she has blackmailed Hugo into a promise of marriage by showing her passion for him, is left desolate. The report of a crash, however, opens a new avenue of comfort to the two people to whom Hugo's death meant most: to his father and to the girl. Through a medium they get into touch with Hugo's spirit, and the communications are so surprising that old Wenham publishes them in a book which makes a great impression and sells by the thousand.

It is after its publication that Hugo returns with his friend. The life-worshiper has fallen into a cactus bush and has been blinded. (Note here Mr. Aldous Huxley's integrity; though he sympathizes with Hamblin's philosophy, he knows it cannot see a man through anything; Bill Hamblin has become a touchy, egotistic invalid.) But what is Hugo's father to do about his book? Through that unpleasant person, the medium, he had enjoyed with his son the kind of intimacy he has missed all his life; and out of gratitude for supernatural consolations Enid has meanwhile yielded to the desires of the medium. What is the living Hugo now to them? He was every-

thing to them while he was 'dead'—but now? Enid's life is widowed. She was a maternal sort of woman always, and her happiness lay in 'mothering' men, which Hugo could not bear—perhaps she will find it in cherishing the blind, impetuous Hamblin? And old Wenham? Deep in himself he feels he must recant his book; it was misleading. Perhaps, though he loses his faith in 'the world of light,' he may maintain that closeness to his son he had enjoyed while he fancied his son was a spirit? Father and son talk together; the gulf between them cannot be bridged, says the son. It is true, no doubt. But still the old man's problem remains. Is he to recant?

Hugo cuts the knot by voluntarily disappearing again without a word to his father. He accepts £1,000 from the publisher of the book, who is only too glad to avoid an exposure that would destroy profits, and old Wenham is left alone upon the stage, peering about in a bewilderment not unlike that of the old servant at the end of *The Cherry Orchard*. His problem has not been solved, but shelved.

I trust that this brief account of the play has given some idea of its merits and interests, for only in that case can the reader understand my disappointment with its close. Mr. Huxley, at the last moment, deliberately broke a bridge that *can* unite old and young: a similar integrity of mind toward experience, however different their several needs and sense of values may be. I do not think the dramatist realized the utterly patronizing indifference of 'intellectual' youth to the problems of the simple-minded implied in Hugo's behavior; and yet upon the solution of that problem rests the whole meaning of the intellectual life.

BOOKS ABROAD

SON OF WOMAN: THE STORY OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By J. Middleton Murry. London: Jonathan Cape. 1931. 12s. 6d. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.50.

(Anne Fremantle in *The New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MR. MURRY'S book is an amazing achievement, and perhaps inaugurates a new kind of biography; it is an interpretation of D. H. Lawrence's spiritual and mental life and vicissitudes by a man who knew him very intimately, but who claims to discover this interpretation in the books. As the title indicates, Mr. Murry sees in Lawrence's life and character a deliberate antithesis to Jesus; Lawrence, he considers, became during the latter part of his life 'Jesus-haunted,' and his last passionate outcry against 'the abominable trinity in Calvary' is a cry of '*Vicisti, Galilæe*.' The judgment is fearful:—

On the cross, the man who kept his spirit whole, and let his flesh be crucified; on the cross, the man who severed his bodily love for woman, that he might give it to all women and all men forevermore; standing beneath, the man who would not sever his bodily love for woman, so that it turned into hate of all women and all men forevermore.

And the reason Lawrence is thus condemned to a fate so fearful is that he neglected the troll's advice to Peer Gynt: 'To thine own self be true—enough,' and denied the vision within.

Mr. Murry argues that, for this, Lawrence could blame his mother—the favorite device of weak men. She was a bourgeoisie (Lawrence himself describes her with infinite detail in

Sons and Lovers) married to a collier who failed her by not accepting the responsibilities of marriage and of fatherhood, and she made David Herbert, her son, be to her all her husband was not—he became 'child-man' to her, and they worshiped each other; the loveliest poetry he ever wrote was to her when she died. No other woman, no other human being, ever meant to him quite as much as she did; his mother was always the one woman in his life. When he was sixteen the wrench came; he describes it at length in *Sons and Lovers*, more briefly and abstractly in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*—how 'everything goes on swimmingly until the boy is faced with the actual fact of sex necessity.' He reacts, as every adolescent must, against his mother and his home; yet he realizes that since he has given his mother all the best of his love, has, as it were, emptied himself of it, he cannot give such love to any other woman, for it is no longer his to give, and he has nothing left but the lees, but sex, and sex seems very second-best. He can no longer love with the whole of himself—the spiritual and the carnal are severed. He wants every relationship to be as exquisite as his relationship with his mother, and that cannot be. He tortures himself by trying to make of sex something it is not, and, because he is *trop voulu*, his sex, and his writing, lack spontaneity. He very deliberately persuades Miriam, his first love, met and loved when he was only sixteen years old, to become his mistress, and she consents; through desire to please

him, and not through desire of 'it,' and in this, it appears, she was not 'acting right by him.' So he leaves her, and 'takes up with' a married woman, a schoolmistress, seeking release from his sex 'through the woman,' but she, again, gives not from desire but from pity.

Lawrence's mother died about the time of this, his second experiment, and set him free. But, as Mr. Murry points out, 'to set free is not to make whole. The freedom he gained from his mother's death was wholly external; his soul was in bondage still.' Soon after this Lawrence married, and for a short time everything went well. He wrote *Look, We Have Come Through* and *The Rainbow* describing this part of his life. But it was not long before he began to hate his wife, and he continued to do so all his life, because, although she satisfied him, and gave him fulfillment, he could not give it her, nor could he have children. He wants her 'to be a mother to him,' and writes:—

So I hope I shall spend eternity
With my face down buried between her
breasts.
And my still heart full of security.
And my still hands full of her breasts,

which, as Mr. Murry trenchantly observes,

is the place and posture of the child in arms: an eternity of infancy; yet the moment he is gone she must think of him as a wild, masculine thing that has pounced upon her, whereas he has been only a child in her arms. The discord was really ultimate, and within himself. The woman must be his mother, and, being made his mother, she cannot do otherwise than regard him as her child.

And here Mr. Murry finds the beginning of Lawrence's self-assumed rivalry with Jesus. For Jesus also there

was one woman only—his mother, and yet he could say to her, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' and she would answer only: 'My Lord and my God!' Unfortunately, the man who cried, 'God—that she is necessary,' was neither Lord nor God, and, though he might ask for submission from his wife, he could not compel it. 'The dependence of the man upon the woman is excessive, it is an extremity of dependence from which he must rebel.' But for Jesus there was no dependence, either upon man or upon woman, and the right way for Lawrence, as for Christ, would have been to go out alone, to find his freedom by giving up mother and mistress, and his own self too, for his soul's sake. But where Christ led, Lawrence, whining and cringing, dared not follow, and here lay the key of his failure. His 'Lost Garden' was innocence in sex, and to explain his failure without admitting it, to regain his paradise without confessing it lost, to appear master where he was very humble servant, he invented many theories, assayed many disguises, but, as Mr. Murry shows, he never could mask wholly the two infinities: 'The "spirit" seeking the ecstasy of universal love, the "flesh" seeking the sexual ecstasy.'

There were three ways out of his impasse—to fulfill one, to fulfill the other, or vainly to attempt to fulfill both—and this Lawrence chose. What he desired was to find his vision, and to find it in, through, and with woman. But this cannot be, for visions may only be sought, and can only be found, alone: Brand was right when he burned his child's toys. But Lawrence would burn nothing here, and his various panaceas turned out so many

quack medicines. After the failure of his marriage he invented a peculiar 'fulfillment of touch,' a 'mystery beyond the phallic,' which was a dream realization of 'a sexual mystery wherein he was lord.' *Twilight in Italy* and *Women in Love* are the products of this experiment, which failed, because woman failed—she refused to be paid in such false coin. He went on to substitute men for women—to find in primitive peoples, in a semi-tangible and mysterious brotherhood of men worshipping the same rather beastly gods, the fulfillment he sought.

Fantasia of the Unconscious, written when Lawrence was thirty-five, is, Mr. Murry thinks, his masterpiece. In it he puts himself aside, and uses what knowledge, intuition, and experience he possesses in trying to prevent future generations from being subjected to, and from subjecting themselves to, suffering through making the same mistakes that he has made. A man's heart, at thirty, is either steeled or broken, and Lawrence is here trying to make of the broken pieces of his own a pattern that will serve to steel the hearts of the yet unborn. It is the sum of his achievement, the sum of his experience; it seems as though he had at last escaped himself, now he has escaped from England and from the War: and then, quite suddenly, he returns to his old failures. Now he dreams of leadership, and of a man-to-man relationship that is 'passing the love of women.' He finds, in *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo*, a Davidian friendship that provides him with all that woman has denied him. But the perfect man is as elusive as the perfectly submissive nonentity of a woman of whom Lawrence had

dreamed earlier, and he flees himself through continent after continent, book after book, only to admit in the end that *tous nos malheurs viennent de ne pouvoir être seuls*. He has realized it at last, and says: 'Men are simply afraid to be alone. That is absolutely all there is to it—fear of being alone.' But again he puts the vision by, and shrinks from it; he dare not 'simply be alone.'

Now that he has realized his failure to find in life his consummation in sex, he dreams of finding his vision in a life to come. In *The Princess*, *The Woman Who Rode Away*, and *Glad Ghosts* woman is still the archenemy, the abomination, but man, made perfect by death, ventures in a physical resurrection to fulfill both herself and him. He is still miserably resentful of 'the compulsion of sex upon the male,' but now he has found a new solution—a sort of Swedenborgianism, a dream of a physical resurrection wherein sex is sublimated and still supreme. He who all his life has been a slave to his own desires now imagines himself 'a dark lord of death'; he sees himself reborn virgin. 'To be virgin once more—how strange it will seem to some that this should have been Lawrence's most secret desire.' Yet Mr. Murry insists it was.

Now he knows he must die unfulfilled, having failed to find his longed-for consummation, and having put by and forever denied the vision he might have attained—had he but dared to be alone, as a saint is alone. He tries to persuade himself that death is 'a consummation . . . devoutly to be wished,' and he writes *The Man Who Died*, wherein he makes Jesus admit that he was wrong and that Lawrence was right. That ad-

mission made, the risen Christ is 'fulfilled through touch' and understands 'live love' (which is more than Lawrence ever did); and 'to-morrow is another day.' But for Lawrence *morgen war doch kein Tag*, and this pitiful insistence on life, on warmth, on physical contact and fleshly reality is as pathetic as it is unconvincing in one about to die. Lawrence is beaten—and *The Man Who Died* is a last attempt to prove Christ beaten too, and triumphant only by admitting himself beaten. Lawrence is very frightened, and the bitterness of dying is already upon him, and the horror of his own body dead. Earthy, simple things are very near him, and he returns at the end to be blessed, as Alyosha was, *non avec l'eau bénite, mais avec la terre bénie*. Mr. Murry assures us that in *The Man Who Died* there is no blasphemy—it is, he says, 'the judgment of the perfect child upon the perfect man.' Surely not—surely it is rather the terrified, despairing cry of one about to go down alone into the darkness: 'Ave, Jesu, moriturus te salutat!'

THOUGHTS AFTER LAMBETH. By T. S. Eliot. *Criterion Miscellany*. No. 30. London: Faber and Faber. 1931. 1s.

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

THE present pamphlet must rank with the best of the series known as 'The Criterion Miscellany.' It must also, in spite of its brevity, rank high in the list of Mr. Eliot's publications. In *The Waste Land* he expressed the last word of a bankrupt skepticism; in the essays, *For Lancelot Andrewes*, he acknowledged his acceptance of that long accumulation of the world's wisdom (and its other-worldly experience) which has gone

into the making of the Christian religion. He could not rest in the first, and he seemed perhaps not entirely at home in the second; one read *For Lancelot Andrewes* with admiration, and yet with uneasy questions: Does he really mean what he says? Does he know what it implies? But such questions are silenced by this pamphlet. It shows his philosophy and religion in their maturity: he knows why he is a Christian and why he is an Anglican; he is familiar enough with his ground to compare it with the distant regions of other systems of thought and with the nearer fields of diverse forms of Christian thought. In his youthful skepticism he knew the satisfaction of throwing off prejudices; in mature thought he sees the consequences of emancipation. 'What chiefly remains of the new freedom is its meagre, impoverished emotional life; in the end it is the Christian who can have the more varied, refined, and intense enjoyment of life.' That is the concise statement of a whole system of ethics. In the more theological portions he is anxious that the Episcopate should claim for its *raison d'être* something more than expediency, and he believes that the Anglican Church is justified in facing both ways, toward the Catholicism of Rome and toward the Evangelicalism of the Free Churches. He speaks of the Church of England as 'the Catholic Church in England,' and observes: 'If England is ever to be in any appreciable degree converted to Christianity, it can only be through the Church of England.' A little earlier he says: 'With all due respect, the Roman Church is in England a sect.' There are several references to Rome, always kindly and respectful, yet leaving no doubt

that the Anglican Communion contains some unique value which for him does not exist elsewhere.

Mr. Eliot is sufficiently at ease in Zion to mingle his praise with blame. He admires the section of the Bishops' Report dealing with 'The Christian Doctrine of God,' and regrets that it has been neglected by the popular press for the sake of exploiting some of the more sensational subjects; but he does not hesitate to say that parts of the report seem to him 'mere verbiage,' and that in the section on 'Youth and Its Vocation' the bishops seem to have been 'listening to the ordinary popular drivel on the subject.' There is no reason, he feels, for being apprehensive about the influence of Lord Russell or even Mr. Aldous Huxley, 'for if youth has the spirit of a tomtit or the brain of a goose, it can hardly rally with enthusiasm to these two depressing life-forcers.' Yet his confidence in the choice that youth will make during the next few generations seems to be shaken by the concluding sentences:—

The world is trying the experiment of attempting to form a civilized but non-Christian mentality. The experiment will fail; but we must be very patient in awaiting its collapse; meanwhile redeeming the time: so that the Faith may be preserved alive through the dark ages before us; to renew and rebuild civilization, and save the world from suicide.

It is probable that not a few of Mr. Eliot's admirers will miss this pamphlet; those who seek it out will find, in the course of his illuminating remarks on the Lambeth Conference, a peculiarly interesting revelation of his present trend of thought; his accustomed distinction of style, and a generous portion of the wit that he too often holds in reserve.

PROUST. By *Pierre Abraham*. Paris: Rieder. 1931.

(Ramon Fernandez in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

PIERRE ABRAHAM'S study signifies a big step forward in the criticism of Marcel Proust. This was to be expected, since M. Abraham has been renovating the whole process of criticism, as his excellent study of Balzac proves. Moreover, he has the great merit of being completely free from the Proustian religion, which consists of thinking of Proust's work as Proust thought of it himself, or as he wanted others to think of it. The extreme mental confusion of the post-war period has encouraged our authors to provide, or at least to suggest, the proper commentary on their own work. But what a writer wants to do does not coincide with what he actually does. He is even inclined to emphasize the very intentions that he fails to achieve.

M. Abraham's method consists in searching out the creative process, in retracing the transition of the man into his own work. He therefore quickly perceived the hybrid character of *À la Recherche du temps perdu*. It is a book that is half reminiscence and half novel, that is to say, the recollections are not completely fused with the imagination. The tragedy of the *Temps Retrouvé*, to anyone who reads it without prejudice, is that Proust clearly perceived the secret of this necessary fusion, which is the secret of all creation, but was not sure that he had fully achieved it in his own work. The half imaginary and half real characters of the *Temps Perdu* lack the independence of characters in a novel, and likewise the

uncompleted quality of real individuals. They belong to a special category, the category of the 'Proustian character.' This is M. Abraham's thesis, and I agree with it with the reservation that, if Charlus is a Proustian character, then this type of character may well rival any poetic creation.

M. Abraham has written some excellent passages outlining the fundamental reactions that transformed the dilettante Proust into a master workman. Here is some real, positive criticism that errs but slightly now and then from an excessive rigor of demonstration. The book ends with a comparison between Proust, Rousseau, and Montaigne, a comparison that reveals M. Abraham's fine perceptions and his remarkable historic sense. If Proust's work is a prelude to creation, it is also a philosophy of creation, just as Montaigne's *Essays* and Rousseau's *Confessions* are two diverse philosophies of human life. M. Abraham well points out that all three of these authors tried to solve our common problem, the problem of equilibrium in the world, and it is for this reason that they captivate us. Thus the incomparable superiority of Montaigne to the two others in point of wisdom makes no more difference than Rousseau's superiority to Proust in point of passion. The *Temps Perdu* can be appreciated more justly by considering it as an awkward yet great effort toward happiness than by accepting Proust's own conventions or the orthodox beliefs about him.

There remains one problem that I do not think M. Abraham has completely explained. I grant, and have often asserted, that the *Temps Perdu*

is more an intimate journal or a work of creative apprenticeship than a living, creative work that leads its own life apart from its creator. Indeed, Proust himself presented it to us in this way at the end of the *Temps Retrouvé*, though at the same time letting it be understood that this was really a piece of fiction that permitted him to write a book based on the theory that the book itself imposed. In other words, the *vie manquée* that he describes to us was saved from time, just as he himself was saved, by virtue of poetic vision, so that the work he announces at the end of the *Temps Retrouvé* is actually the work that we have just finished reading. M. Abraham, and I, too, attach more importance to the letter of the *Temps Retrouvé* than to the intention that Proust put into it.

But the consequences of such an interpretation are considerable. If the *Temps Perdu* is the book whose theory is set forth in the *Temps Retrouvé*, not only are the laws of the novel upset, but Proust's theory has also become universal and it is the truth about life itself that he is communicating to us. If, on the other hand, the *Temps Perdu* is a groping, hybrid essay that finally leads to the revelation of the *Temps Retrouvé*, all this means only that Proust has found again, after terminating his course, after having followed the only roads that were open to him, an æsthetic truth that is valid no matter what human experience may contain. If the latter thesis holds water, then Proust has only given new life and freshness to the inventive fancy, which is a great deal, to be sure, but his observations on life and people are not detachable from the particular forms of his own

existence and his own sensibility. This would be M. Abraham's conclusion and mine, too, but I recognize that it is not yet convincing and never will be logical. Only through writing imaginative works that exemplify the poetic virtues Proust proclaimed, but that differ profoundly from the *Temps Perdu* in accent, rhythm, and human significance, can one prove that the best way of continuing to study Proust's work is to liberate one's self from it more and more.

NEVERTHELESS, the publication of his correspondence continues. His letters to Montesquiou have caused much surprise, even among convinced Proustians. In them Proust is too eulogistic, almost servile. I confess that the whole effect is not very pleasant, but to judge them one ought to have known Montesquiou. He was a man of strong, surprising, and attractive personality. The mixture that he contained of frightful æstheticism and real gentlemanliness was seasoned by his epigrammatic gift. Montesquiou was an emancipated, nervous nobleman, profoundly naïve, childish, artistic among his own kind, aristocratic with the middle class, filled with the most touching admiration for all spiritual manifestations that he did not know how to appreciate at their true value, a man who looked upon D'Annunzio as a modern Dante and H. G. Wells as a modern Newton and invariably confused the grandiose with the affected. On top of this, he undoubtedly owed to his mother, who was anything but well born, that fixed idea of privileges that so many sons of mismatched couples entertain.

What made Montesquiou interest-

ing to Proust was his combination of many qualities that Proust used to consider precious. We must not forget that in that time taste was frankly bad. Except for a few initiated spirits, everyone was swimming in a sea of horrible banality, and a young man could not find any guides to show him the right path. Moreover, neither Proust's own tastes nor sentiments were originally pure or even spontaneous. He purified them with his intelligence, delivering himself from them as he did so. The interest of this correspondence, if we remember the identity of Montesquiou as the character of Charlus in the *Temps Perdu*, is that it allows us to compare the character Proust created with the raw material that he admired and that was to be metamorphosed in the process of creation.

Proust, as we know, was above all an imitator, a mimic. When he wrote letters he imitated his correspondents, that is to say, he adopted their preoccupations and their character, not, as people are too apt to say, through lack of personality of his own, but through his sentimental shortcomings. There was a great emptiness in him that could be filled only by his desire to please and by the illusion of affection. That is why there are as many Prousts as there are correspondents to whom he wrote. Different *motifs* designed themselves on the same neutral, monotonous, tortured ground. He was a serious and diligent friend when he was writing to M. de Billy, but when he wrote to Montesquiou he automatically turned into an extravagant admirer, and the same thing happened when he wrote to any other poet who was equally susceptible to incense burning.

When we accuse Proust of insincerity it seems to me that we are making the mistake of believing he had taste and a conception of values that he actually did not possess at all. We must therefore discover whether the admiration that we feel for him does not rest on a misunderstanding.

POST-MORTEM. A PLAY IN EIGHT SCENES. By Noel Coward. London: William Heinemann. 1931. 5s.

(Maitland Davidson in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

NOEL COWARD in serious mood; it is an interesting rarity. True, he wrote *The Vortex*, which had a definite dramatic purpose as an arraignment of the drifting, spineless life of pleasure. But that was a barb aimed at but one facet of society.

The seriousness of his new play *Post-Mortem*, published to-day, and as yet unproduced, is of a different sort, deeper and wider. It is an indictment not of a section but of all ranks of society, for having learned little or nothing from the War.

Its verdict, I hasten to add, does not necessarily purport to be entirely the author's own. A dramatist need not be regarded as indorsing all the opinions expressed in his play. Yet here one does naturally draw the inference that John Cavan and Noel Coward are spiritually one.

This John is one of a little group of officers we meet, at the play's opening, in a front-line dugout, date, 1917. John's father is proprietor of a newspaper that publishes 'euphemisms' about the War, how the men go over the top cheering and shouting 'For God and Country,' and all that sort of thing.

Infuriated by 'all that mealy-mouthed cant,' Perry Lomas, poet, passionately insists that 'nobody's learning anything' from the War. John, on the other hand, holds that 'something must come out of it.'

I have a feeling that one might see the whole business just for a second before one dies. Like going under an anæsthetic; everything becomes blurred and enormous and then suddenly clears, just for the fraction of a fraction of a moment.

That gives the cue for the rest of the play. Shortly afterward John is mortally wounded, and while he lies on the stretcher, dying, he visits, a tangible ghost in khaki, the England of 1930. First he appears to his mother:—

I know about war—a bitter and cruel knowledge, horror upon horror, stretched far beyond breaking point, the few moments of gallant beauty there are not enough, measured against the hideous ages of suffering! Now I must know about Peace. . . .

I must know whether the ones who came home have slipped back into the old illusions and are rotting there, smug in false security.

Next to the girl he had loved; he finds her hard and flippant, frightened of the memories he recalls.

Perry Lomas has written an honest book about the War (called *Post-Mortem*) which is being attacked by John's father in his paper as 'blasphemous, seditious, and immoral,' and John arrives just in time to prevent him from committing suicide because of the 'hopelessness of things.'

Nothing's happening really. There are strides being made forward in science, and equal-sized strides being made backward in hypocrisy. . . . The only real difference in post-war conditions is that there are so many men maimed for life and still existing, and so many women whose heartache will never heal. The rest is the same, only faster, and more

meretricious. The War is fashionable now, like a pleasantly harrowing film. Even men who fought in it, some of them, see in it a sort of vague glamour; they've slipped back as I knew they would.

John hands him back his revolver, and he shoots himself.

A scene in his father's office (done in a manner rather expressionistic) heightens John's disillusion. 'England can now only recognize false glory.' His old war comrades prove to have turned smug, as he had feared, and after a tender and moving farewell with his mother we see him back on the stretcher again, saying, as he dies, 'You were right, Perry—a poor joke!'

Will the play 'act'? I should like to see the experiment made by some enterprising manager like Mr. Cochran, with the author in the chief part, which should inevitably be his. In any case, it is immensely interesting to read.

ESSAYS IN ORDER: I. RELIGION AND CULTURE. By *J. Maritain*. II. CRISIS IN THE WEST. By *Peter Wust*. Translated, with an Introduction to the Philosophy of Peter Wust, by *E. I. Watkin*. III. CHRISTIANITY AND THE NEW AGE. By *Christopher Dawson*. London: Sheed and Ward. 1931. 2s. 6d. each.

(Evelyn Underhill in the *Spectator*, London)

THERE are plenty of indications that the transitional character of the age in which we live is being ever more widely realized, not merely as the theme of philosophic and historical speculations, but as a penetrating fact calling for the devoted service and humble readjustment of the minds that most fully apprehend it. Whatever our own presuppositions may be,

we must all agree with Mr. Christopher Dawson that 'one thing is certain—the old order is dead.' A new age is truly coming, and this perhaps in a more complete sense than we can yet conceive. 'A new world,' says Maritain in one of the essays under review, 'is emerging from the obscure chrysalis of history with new temporal forms; it may be, all things considered, less habitable than the old; but it is certain that some good and some truth are immanent in those new forms. . . . The question is to understand this state of the world, and to regulate accordingly our loves, our hatreds, and our activity.'

For this task the necessary adjustments of man's spirit will be searching; and for the most part they are still to be made. It is interesting, then, to find that the call to this duty is sounded most clearly from the extreme right and left of the intellectual world: from those who desire an emancipation from traditional morals and the entire secularization of life, and from the most traditionalist of all Christian cultures—that of the Roman Catholic Church. That Church, in the persons of its greatest members, has never lost a certain deep instinct for reality; and this, it seems, is now emerging in response to the needs of the time.

Let no one hastily assume, however, that the Catholic solution of the problems of the age is coming in the form of a 'mystical revival.' On the contrary, the call in the writings of Maritain and of Christopher Dawson—and so too in those of Peter Wust, a philosophic writer of peculiar interest and originality, who is now for the first time presented to English readers—is to a fresh appreciation

both of the intellectual framework that supports the house of faith and of the spirit that inhabits it. Neglect of her great mental possessions has reduced the authority of Christianity in the modern world and crippled her supernatural energies. It is one aim of *Essays in Order* to bring back some of these possessions into the arena of thought and to show what the Church has to say in respect of the great problems of our time.

These little books, whose rosy covers and charming format suggest the jam that veils the salutary powder within, have an importance that is in inverse ratio to their size. They contain a purifying tonic for the mind, and, even where most provocative, are stimulating too. It will be deplorable if they are neglected by non-Catholic readers, under the impression that they are concerned merely with the special views of Latin Christianity.

Mr. Christopher Dawson—who with Mr. T. F. Burns edits the series—contributes an illuminating introduction to M. Maritain's essay, in which he defines the general point of view the series is designed to uphold. 'The disorder of the modern world,' he says, 'is due either to the denial of the existence of spiritual reality or to the attempt to treat the spiritual order and the business of everyday life as two independent worlds.' But for Christian philosophy 'the spiritual and the eternal insert themselves into the world of sensible and temporal things; and there is not the smallest event in human life and social history but possesses an eternal and spiritual significance.'

On the whole these pages, and his more elaborate discussion of the same theme in *Christianity and the New*

Age, are the most illuminating and valuable parts of the present batch of essays. They consolidate Mr. Dawson's claim to the respectful attention of all those who value thinking that is both clear and deep. All the writers take their stand on the conception of the Church as a living supernatural society, immersed in history but transcending it, and therefore capable of surviving the probable wreck of humanism—perhaps even of civilization as we know it—and giving a spiritual direction to the reconstructions of the new age. Christianity, says Mr. Dawson, 'is not to be identified either with ethical idealism or with metaphysical intuition. It is a creative spiritual force, which has for its end nothing less than the re-creation of humanity.'

The 'temporalization' of religion is what M. Maritain most dreads. 'The Church is a mystery, her head is hidden in the sky, her visibility does not adequately manifest her nature.' The present condition of the West, says Herr Wust, the 'uprooted state of twentieth-century man,' is in the nature of a judgment upon our naturalistic civilization, which has mistaken quantity for quality, closed 'the circle of immanence,' and left no way open toward transcendental reality. His indictment is grave; yet his outlook on the future is not hopeless. Though 'we may ask ourselves how long it will be before that great process of secularization is reversed whose final phase we are now witnessing,' it is no part of Christian philosophy to give way to an impatient despair. We must adjust our anxious hurry to 'the long, deep breath of eternity,' sure that the life rooted in the Invisible will triumph in the end.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

THE CLOWN GROWS TIRED

GROCK the most famous of all clowns, is tired. Tired of fame, tired of applause, tired of wealth—tired, in short, of clowning. He is retiring to a small estate near San Remo on the Italian Riviera—but not without first explaining why he wants to Get Away from It All.

‘What tires me more than anything else is travel. Strange, isn’t it? Very few people in this world are tired of travel. But I have been traveling over the face of the globe for more than thirty years, from one music hall or circus to another. I know them all, as I have unfortunately been in every country. I know the owners, the stage managers, the secretaries, the doorkeepers in about a hundred cities, and I rarely see a new face among my fellow actors. I know their fathers and the color of their children’s hair. I know the customs officers at the frontier stations, and I can’t say I like them any better than I did at first. Now I am tired of all this kind of thing.’

Even memories apparently bore the world-weary clown. ‘I have appeared three times before King George—once at Buckingham Palace during the War. Mr. Lloyd George congratulated me several times. His remarks were not particularly amusing. He said the same thing every time, in exactly the same words: “Mr. Grock, you are really very clever! You were splendid!” Lord Balfour’s compliments were equally lacking in variety. “It is a real pleasure to see you, Mr. Grock. You are a genuine artist.” The first time you hear this kind of thing you like it. The second time you like it less. And the third time it begins to bore you. I have many decorations; I am an honorary LL.D. of the University of Budapest; I am a *Commendatore* of Italy; I have met most of the great men of our time and

been applauded by the people of every country. Now I am tired of it all, and I’m giving it up for good.’

If these remarks lead anyone to suspect that Grock is about to write his memoirs, he has a surprise coming. The memoirs are already available, in cinema form. For in Berlin Grock made a film for which he wrote the scenario himself and which cost him \$200,000—filled with episodes from Grock’s life, he says, and with Grock’s disillusioned heart.

NEW BLOOD

GERMAN doctors—the medical kind—are reported to be ‘seriously annoyed’ at a new novel revolving about blood transfusion which threatens to become a great popular success—*Eine ganz andere Frau* (*Quite Another Woman*), by the Berlin journalist, Georg Fröschel.

The plot is an unusual one. The heroine, a charming and beautiful woman of thirty, happily married and the mother of several children, is hastening in an airplane to keep an appointment with her husband. There is a crash. She is picked up suffering from the loss of so much blood that the doctors are forced to make an immediate transfusion of the blood of a fellow traveler. This man is an adventurer and a scoundrel; his blood acts insidiously in the innocent young wife’s veins and transforms her into the ‘other woman’ of the title. She no longer loves her husband, falls victim to the wiles of her rescuer. Gradually she sinks to lower and lower moral depths, until the tale ends with the tragedy of her death.

So careful was Herr Fröschel about the accuracy of the details of medical technique in the book that the doctors could not ridicule him as a complete ignoramus. The Bureau of Public Health, however, has issued a widely distributed *communi-*

qué making it clear that there is no need for the public to fear that anything of this kind may actually happen.

MR. CHAPLIN ABROAD

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been seeing Europe, and vice versa. Chiefly the latter. When he appeared in London for the first night of *City Lights*, they gave him such a reception that he escaped only by slipping out the back door of the theatre and riding home sitting on the floor of a taxicab, a nervous wreck. No one could get in to see him until five the following afternoon, when a reporter put the obvious question, 'What are your feelings when you watch a Chaplin picture?'

'In general,' he replied, 'I find that I can take quite a detached view. Naturally, I am interested in feeling the reaction of the audience to the comedy and pathos. The whole thing is like a symphony in which the audience is as important as the screen. Watching one of my own pictures helps me to understand the chemistry of entertainment.'

From the Paris opening of *City Lights* he fled to the Riviera—partly to call on Maeterlinck, whom he had always wanted to meet. A French reporter tells what happened at the dinner arranged for the occasion:—

'Maeterlinck came up to us, tall and dignified. I introduced him to Chaplin, and they shook hands. Charlie smiled. Maeterlinck's expression remained serene; immovable. "Look!" said Chaplin, pointing first to Maeterlinck's white hair, then to his own. "*Chevaux blancs, tous les deux!*" he said. There was a dead silence, and then Chaplin swore and nudged me. "What did I tell you?" he groaned. "I said *chevaux* again instead of *cheveux!*"'

After a time, however, the atmosphere eased a trifle, so that Mr. Chaplin could express himself forcibly on the subject of opera.

'Do you still have opera in this intelligent country?' he asked with a grin.

'Think of it—opera! Opera would be the funniest thing we have if it were n't the stupidest, most ridiculous, most horribly slow. Did you know that hatred of opera gave me my start toward success? I mean it. In opera you know exactly what's going to happen from the moment the curtain goes up. Every thirty minutes thereafter, something that you expected to happen occurs. Well, I said to myself that the thing to do was to do twenty unexpected things every five minutes. And everything in opera is false—sorrow, heroism, especially gaiety. So I decided that everything I did must be real—suffering, fear, and all the rest.'

But Mr. Chaplin's French remained unimproved. At the end of the evening a little girl asked him for his autograph. He drew a picture of a derby hat and signed it 'Charlie Chaplin.' The child protested. 'No! Sign it *Charlot!*' Charlie scratched his head. 'How do you spell it?' he asked.

A KING'S LETTERS

M. ÉMILE HENRIOT has recently published a book—*Épistoliers et Mémoires*—which allows a new judgment to be formed of the famous French letter writers of the past. Of all those represented, Henry IV, strangely enough, comes off with reputation most improved. The Gascon monarch, a hard-riding warrior, witty, bold, unliterary, wrote no less than ten thousand letters in all—and wrote them each not because he wanted to turn a pretty phrase, but because he had something he badly wanted to say. Here are a few samples. The first, written to his mistress, Corisande, during a trip to the Vendée, rings strangely for so bluff a soldier.

'I got here last night from Maran. Ha, but I wish you were here! You would like it better than any place I've ever seen. It is a sort of island surrounded by wooded marshes, with canals every hundred feet so that you can go out in boats to cut wood. The water is clear and flows

slowly. The canals vary greatly in width. So do the boats. And hidden in the marshes are thousands of gardens that can be reached only by water; numberless mills and isolated farms; all sorts of singing birds, and water birds particularly. I am sending you some feathers plucked from them. The number, size, and value of the fish are positively monstrous. A big carp is worth five sols. The country is pretty, and good for wheat. You can be comfortable here in time of peace, and secure in time of war. A fine place to be happy with those you love, or to lament their absence. And it's a grand place to sing! Think kindly of me, my love! Believe that I am faithful to you with a faith spotlessly white, such as never was before. If that assurance can make you happy, then be happy as you wish. Your slave adores you passionately. And a million times he kisses your dear hands . . .

The last two were written to his fellow warrior, De Batz, whom he called his 'grim reaper,' in the full heat of a campaign.

The first: 'M. de Batz, they've got me surrounded like a wild beast, and think they have me trapped. But I mean to slip by them, or beneath their bellies. I know where are helping hands, and yours is one. Damned soul; I wish I could leave you in Auch, and keep your follies secret from my cousin. But, my grim reaper, I need you here. Don't fail me now, don't play in the hay when I need you in the fields!'

The second:—

'My grim reaper, put wings on your soundest horse; I've already told Montespán to drive his beast to death. Why? You'll know when you get to Nérac. Hurry, run, come, fly—this is your master's order and your old friend's prayer.'

LUTYENS ON ART

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, the foremost architect in Great Britain and the designer of the handsome new British Embassy in Washington, has been in-

terviewed by the *Morning Post* of London, in which he attacks the 'Bolshevist' tendencies in modern art. The *Post*, in conformity with its conservative political traditions, has lately been holding forth against contemporary artistic tendencies, which it identifies with the Soviet Government. Quite naturally it indorses the following outburst by Sir Edwin attacking the type of modern artist who creates modern art:—

'These artists seem to use their diaphragms for inspiration instead of their brains. They take joy in the unpleasant. To those who like this sort of thing there is nothing more to be said. If it is desirable to exhibit unpleasantness, let this "Bolshevist" type of art be encouraged. If it be undesirable, then let us drop it at once, and get into a purer and sweeter atmosphere. There is no beauty to be found in stirring up cess-pits. If the things they produce are merely the expression of their "inner egos," the artists morally condemn themselves.

'As a taxpayer, I resent the vast sums spent on art schools. There are about 56,000 art students in this country, the expense of whose studies is mainly borne by state or municipal grants. When these students are liable to be trained in this so-called art of to-day, can you wonder that one resents being made to contribute to these schools?

'A much better system would be for art schools to be maintained by private enterprise alone, and for the Government to award large money prizes annually for the best works of art produced during the previous year. This would be far less costly and provide real incentive to artists of merit, and thus get a high intellectual standard. It is better to spend £10,000, even £20,000, on one good man than to fritter away a million or so in subsidizing people who produce work which appears to me to be mentally defective.

'The great men of the past did not learn art in schools. They served an apprenticeship in the studio. They learned their

craft from the very beginning—the quarrying of the stone or the grinding of their own paint. One day, I hope, a writer of merit like Zola will write a “*J'accuse*” of modern art. As I have said, this modern art always needs an explanation to be understood. A work of art should need no explanation beyond itself. Its inspiration should be within itself.’

A LIONIZED THRILL

VISITORS to American amusement parks and county fairs have long been familiar with dare-devil drivers of motorcycles and diminutive automobiles who ride at furious speed round and round the perpendicular sides of a small wooden saucer. Nor is this feat peculiar to the United States. Not only has the German public, with its love of mechanical thrills, enjoyed the same spectacle, but an enterprising promoter has lately added a grotesque innovation by attaching to a small automobile an open side-car in which a lion sits. The *Berliner Tageblatt* prints a photograph showing the lion half crouching on a narrow kind of chair, with his fore paws resting on the hood that covers the engine and his head not a yard away from the driver’s. The caption that accompanies the picture is as characteristically German as the feat itself:—

‘The death-rider used to whirl on his motorcycle round and round the steep sides in a circle. The motor roared, the boards creaked, the public went into a fever of excitement. That was the sensation of yesterday—the death-rider whirling round and round the inside of a cylinder on his motorcycle. But he no longer attracts the crowd: he must do something more dangerous, he must give the public new attacks of nervous prostration. And therefore he essays the latest trick, guaranteed to be unprecedented—he takes a lion with him on his death ride. The dangerous animal must sit in a side-car, the automobile in which the man now rides leaps forward, the race with death begins,

and the crowd watches with breathless excitement, wondering what the lion will do. But the lion, the unwilling centre of attention, does not act in at all a leonine fashion. He disappoints his public, displays no lionlike courage, does not show his teeth, and reveals but one emotion—terrible fear. He has far less desire for sensation than human beings, for he has not yet been infected with the bacillus of technique. He would like to get out of the roaring car of horror; he wants rest, which is something we men definitely renounced long ago.’

ITALY’S MUSICAL RENAISSANCE

ALFREDO CASELLA, one of the most popular Italian composers now living, who has conducted orchestras all over Europe, South America, and the United States, has been delivering a series of lectures on contemporary Italian music in Paris. Here are some of his opinions on the subject:—

‘The new lease of life that characterizes modern Italian music dates back only a few years. I consider this renaissance as the fourth phase of a great cycle of conscious musical nationalism. You are familiar with the three preceding phases, Russian, French, and Spanish, and a movement similar to those that made themselves felt in Russia, France, and Spain is now bringing to life the broken tradition of Italy. For it is impossible to separate art and politics, and at the present moment Italy is a solid intellectual block. The Italian soul has attained maturity, and the same impulses that are manifesting themselves in politics are also making themselves felt in science and in all intellectual domains.

‘The War marked the end of romantic thought and all the final forms of decadence. The Italian musicians of my generation had completely shaken themselves free from German influence, and, as a result of what we learned from the Russians and the French, we began studying

our own folklore, thus preparing ourselves unconsciously for to-day's work. When the War came to an end our music flowered richly, retaining only those elements that could be adjusted to our tradition.'

Signor Casella then delivered these opinions on contemporary music in general:—

'It seems to me that two currents can be distinguished in Europe to-day. One, which might be called Bolshevik, endeavors to wipe the slate clean of past influences and to achieve a completely new arrangement of all musical elements. The other tendency, which we might call Menshevik, wishes to preserve tradition, at the same time enriching it with the best and healthiest achievements of recent years. The Bolshevik school includes the Austrians, some Germans, the Czechoslovakians, the Russians who live in Russia, and a few Swiss and Dutch. The Menshevik school includes all the Latins; some Germans; the Russians, Stravinski and Prokofiev; and the Hungarians, Bartók and Kodály. I believe that the second group will carry the day, for it alone is capable of creating beautiful and lasting work. By resolutely siding with the European tendency that seeks to conserve and enrich tradition, modern Italian music has chosen the path that strictly conforms to the historical and present spirit of our race. Furthermore, I believe that our school should first of all endeavor to restore classicism, since I consider that the most urgent duty of twentieth-century art.'

MR. MAXSE AND THE GIRLS

LEO J. MAXSE, editor of the *Conservative National Review*, writes a monthly political diatribe directed chiefly against Laborites, pacifists, Americans, and other offenses in the sight of God. In the course,

however, of a recent outburst, he digressed for a moment to speculate as follows on the womenfolk of Merrie England:—

'The idiosyncrasies of crowds are always interesting; they change in each decade, while the peculiarities of the individuals that compose them vary constantly. In the case of women, fashion explains much of this: at one moment they are all hats, at another they are all legs; at one moment they are swaddled and hidden, and at another they are nearly naked. The philosopher looks on, conscious of the swing of the pendulum that will change all that is ugly (or all that is beautiful) in the perpetual search for novelty.

'Just now the fashion for women is to have bare, high foreheads, and these are exposed not only at home, but abroad. They look as bare as a knee because of the odious modern habit of "plucking" the eyebrows until all character has gone and a general air of imbecility has been imparted. And this is not the worst. All the young women have puckered brows, they frown at the world like Redgauntlet, all the muscles of their foreheads appearing twisted. It is the most noticeable feature of our streets, this distressed and aggrieved expression of the girls and young women.

'What is the matter with them? They spoil their looks and will get early wrinkles, for a puckered brow will destroy the beauty of any face, however lovely, and the habit of frowning leaves a mark very quickly. Will someone explain why they frown? Is it, can it be, because they are discontented with their lot, do they want two votes instead of one, or to have more their own way than they already have? Are they spoiled, are they unhappy? Will they anyhow please stop frowning, for the beauty of our women is very important, and looking at them is one of our few untaxed pleasures.'

AS OTHERS SEE US

FOR LOWER AMERICAN TARIFFS

THE LONDON *Statist*, a weekly economic journal, devotes one of its editorials to arguing that the United States must lead the world out of the present depression by lowering its tariffs and lending more money abroad.

There is good reason to believe that, just as the current downward sweep of the international trade cycle was started on its course by the Wall Street crash, so the first signs of recovery from the depression will be observable in the United States. If we analyze the special difficulties of the United States we are driven to the conclusion that they are essentially a foreign-trade problem. This problem centres firstly around a number of primary commodities such as wheat, cotton, and petroleum, the production of which is more than adequate to meet the requirements of the huge domestic market and the prosperity of which is, therefore, dependent upon the state of the export markets. Secondly, the depression in such an important industry as the motor-car industry, with its inevitable reaction on the steel industry, is also essentially a foreign-trade problem, since that industry has been developed to a point at which its prosperity is utterly dependent upon export trade. The consequent impoverishment of the agricultural community and of those immediately concerned with the export industries has been aided, as a factor of depression, by the disappearance of the paper profits built up by the previous appreciation of security values. These influences have reacted on every channel of internal trade and largely explain the general economic depression in which American trade and industry have been

plunged. The fact that American business depression is essentially a foreign-trade problem is being more widely recognized in the United States, and in intelligent discussions of the situation increasing attention is being devoted to the means by which foreign trade can be stimulated.

The initiative must come from the United States. The country cannot afford to wait until a recovery in the rest of the world has got sufficiently under way to reabsorb the full productive capacity of American industry. If the initiative must come from the United States, there are only two methods by which it can be applied. The first is a resumption of foreign lending on a large scale. This means a return to the policy of selling on credit which was so consistently pursued between 1924 and the middle of 1928. The other alternative is for the United States to lower tariffs and by buying more abroad to help in rebuilding the purchasing power of export markets for American agriculture and industry.

The editorial then refers with approval to an address made by Dr. Benjamin Anderson of the Chase National Bank of New York before the Foreign Policy Association. Dr. Anderson pointed out the dangers of supporting foreign trade on enormous foreign credits and urged instead a lowering of tariffs. The *Statist* then concludes its own case for American tariff reduction as follows:—

A relaxation in American tariff policy would not only prove a potent restorative for the whole world, and thus react favorably on American export industries, but would render unnecessary the great problem of drift from country to town which faces the United States to-day. The primary agricultural industries are the prin-

cial sufferers under the American protectionist system. Such help as is given to them by the Farm Board is only of temporary character and cannot succeed in spreading effectively the true incidence of the burden of protection. As long as the present system remains, the burden must continue to press heavily on the primary industries, and in consequence we shall witness the inevitable drift of population and enterprise from the unsheltered to the sheltered spheres. Every reasonable argument that can be formulated on this question supports a reduction of tariffs in the United States, and in time the country will have to listen seriously to the eminent men who have recently been pleading that this tariff question be withdrawn from the realm of politics and considered purely as a business matter on its own practical economic merits.

SACCO-VANZETTI AGAIN

THE critical acclaim that greeted the French translation of the letters of Sacco and Vanzetti indicates that the so-called 'judicial murder' of August 1926 has not been forgotten abroad. A contributor to *Europe* ends his review of the letters with this bitter paragraph:—

Everyone is asking whether America is a hell or a paradise, and these letters are revealing documents. They bring forward one fact only, but it is a determining fact. If American happiness has to be paid for with such outrages, we can only hope that the workers of Europe will refuse such happiness for a long time to come. Nations always pay for their own foolishness. The shame of the Dreyfus affair was the expiation of our nationalism. The shame of the Sacco-Vanzetti affair is the expiation of American nationalism. But at least French opinion had the decision of the Dreyfus affair reversed. It will always be a matter of regret that the

American crowds, who show such energy when they demolish and burn prisons containing negroes whom they would like to lynch, remained so tranquil when they had these two men to set free. We shall again believe in America and listen to the great prophecies of Walt Whitman when American opinion has of itself demanded the revision of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

HOOVER AND EUROPE

GEORGES LECHARTIER, a frequent contributor to the *Journal des Débats* of Paris and a man thoroughly familiar with the United States, tries to assure his French public that President Hoover really wants to coöperate with Europe:—

There is no doubt that if Mr. Hoover had a free hand he would incline to closer and closer coöperation with foreign countries, especially with those of Europe. The opinions he expressed during the debate on the tariff, and even more his attitude toward the World Court, have clearly revealed his own ideas. As the President of one of the greatest powers in the world, Mr. Hoover is clearly aware of the obligations of his country toward the other nations of the earth. But the President of the United States can do nothing without the support of Congress, and the majority of the Senate has been dominated for the past two years by a little group led by Senator Borah that will be still more hostile to the President during the next session. It therefore seems that any action, any initiative on the part of the President to steer American policy will be doomed in advance, and that Mr. Hoover's fate will be that of President Taft, who found himself in a similar situation and after two years of vain struggles with a hostile Congress had to abandon his powers.

During the first two years of his man-

date Mr. Hoover has shown himself to be a weak politician, a notoriously inferior manoeuvrer, a poor judge of men, unfortunate in the choice of his advisers; and he himself recognizes his weakness. But his friends and supporters agree that in the past five months he has undergone a radical change that gives hope of progress. The President has written more and more messages explaining his conduct and intentions and many people believe that this new display of firmness has increased his prestige. If Mr. Hoover's change of attitude persists it cannot fail to produce excellent effects on public opinion, and it is even possible that he will be able to rally together the fallen majority of the Republican Party in the House and perhaps in the Senate. Without looking for a rapid and radical change in the foreign policy of the United States, which can hardly be expected to occur until after the presidential elections, we on our side of the water cannot but look forward to the future with a lively satisfaction.

A GERMAN ON PERSHING

PAUL SCHEFFER, Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who used to represent the same paper in Moscow, does not wholly approve of General Pershing's war-time reminiscences. His criticism of the leader of the American Expeditionary Forces in France runs as follows:—

Pershing undoubtedly hated the Germans. He may hate them still. At the beginning of his book he blames them wholly for the War on the ground that they had been preparing for it for fifty years. It is at this point that his otherwise unflinching accuracy deserts him and his fundamental grasp of facts weakens. Nor can it be mere chance that he has overstepped the bounds. The whole book is written in the same spirit that animated Pershing when

he fought the War; a spirit that asserts itself in many passages and in his general tone.

Our modern materialistic warfare is not chivalrous, but that does not compel our military leaders to be unchivalrous. Pershing praises the courage, obedience, and sacrifices of his own army time and again, which is certainly right and proper, but he is much more niggardly in praising the heroism of the Allied troops, and he says nothing at all about the Germans. He describes only the defeats of the Germans, their gradual collapse, and this he does in detail. His book would have been much more successful if it had shown the reader the other side. It would be something more than a source book if it had done justice to the enemy. It suffers from the author's narrow-mindedness and singleness of purpose. Pershing sees only the American part of the War, and he sees it from a distant perspective, for he does not reckon up the sacrifices the Allies had already made when the Americans appeared on the scene with their fresh troops. A remarkable organizer and a competent strategist, he could not carry out his scheme to completion. The War ended too early. But Pershing utterly lacked the breadth of heart and greatness of character to visualize his historic rôle as a whole.

Here is one more element among many others that determined the German destiny of 1918. In September and October of that year the great advances occurred. Pershing describes how a noncommissioned officer in the American army took 218 German prisoners. Does n't this give the man in the street a false picture? Was not that the moment to say what the German army once was, the army that fought against the whole world? But such assertions only pave the way for new wars.

The American newspapers have printed considerable portions of this book and have thus awakened memories of the times when victorious news from the

front was being announced. A big New York paper contained a picture of the man who captured the 218 Germans single-handed. But who would envy the pleasure of the kind of person who enjoys such a picture? For our part, we only want to take this opportunity to recall that the War, both in memory and experience, is clearly a source of pleasure—even to-day.

FROM MONROE TO STIMSON

SECRETARY STIMSON'S statement that the Monroe Doctrine was a declaration made by the United States against Europe and not against Latin America has met with unfavorable comment abroad. In Paris the *Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, a monthly organ devoted to improving trade and cultural relations between France and South America, criticises Mr. Stimson as follows:—

It was not the Monroe Doctrine that protected the nations of the New World, but their own extraordinarily rapid progress, for they grew so rapidly in wealth and power that no adventurer dared intervene. Mr. Stimson was chary of giving examples for the simple reason that he could not have pointed out a single instance proving that the Monroe Doctrine has protected America from the ambitions of Europe, although dozens of instances could have been shown of the United States waging a real foreign war against the nations of Latin America in the name of this doctrine.

If one were to compile figures it would not be difficult to prove that in the past twenty years the United States has maintained armies of occupation abroad numbering from fifteen to twenty-five thousand men. Another interesting piece of statistical work would be to add up all the days in the course of these twenty years on which American soldiers have fought other nations without any declaration of

war. How many billions of dollars did these expeditions cost, and, what is much more important, how high would the mountain of corpses rise if the bodies of the Americans, Nicaraguans, Haitians, and Santo Domingans who died as the result of these interventions were to be laid at the feet of Monroe's statue? I do not believe that I should be wide of the mark in estimating that thirty thousand men have fallen to testify that the Monroe Doctrine has become a declaration of the United States against Latin America. But a new victim has just fallen in this unjust war, the doctrine itself, which is rejected by the whole of South America.

FEUCHTWANGER ON AMERICA

UNDER the assumed name of J. L. Wetchek—which is a literal translation into English of his last name—Lion Feuchtwanger wrote a book of rhymes about the United States which he entitled *Pep*. The economic depression has now caused him to add these stanzas:—

Mr. B. W. Smith went to see the Passion Play in Ober-Ammergau.

He experienced boredom and ecstasy, just as he had anticipated,

And all in all he got his money's worth.

In fact, he was so moved by the way Herr Lang played the part of Christus that he gave one hundred and fifty dollars

But, when he learned that this Christus had kept for himself

A tip that had been given to a chamber-maid who went to law about it,

Mr. B. W. Smith found this very brutal and tore up his autographed picture of Christus-Lang.

Mr. B. W. Smith saw a German talkie in which a young man took a young lady riding on the back of his motorcycle.

But when the pursuers began to gain on the couple
The young man simply pushed off his girl into the gutter.
As a hundred-per-cent objector, Mr. Smith opened fire,
Shooting several bullets at the unfair image, and promptly paying
Sixty dollars in damages for the harm he had done to the screen.

Mr. B. W. Smith's tile-roofing factory was suffering from the business depression
And Mr. Smith was compelled to rationalize extensively in his central office.
He ordered Miss Silver, the head of his female personnel,
To inform twenty-two girls that they were fired.
Miss Silver, with twenty-two pale faces around her, grew frightened,
She could not keep herself from turning white
And falling in a faint. Which unfortunately compelled Mr. B. W. Smith
To fire Miss Silver, too, at the end of the week.

NO MORE LAISSEZ-FAIRE

THAT the last ten years of American history mark the final phase of individualism is the contention of an anonymous British contributor to the *Round Table* who has written an article entitled 'The United States in the Great Depression.' After pointing to many recent occurrences with which all of us are only too familiar, the writer arrives at this conclusion:—

Under the pressure of depression, American psychology is undergoing real, if slow, transformation. As has already been suggested, the doctrine of individualism is losing its magic. The old, free, buccaneering days, in which every man fought for

himself and the devil ruthlessly took the hindmost, are gone forever. There is now a social consciousness developed which is imposing all kinds of administrative limitations on unfettered competition. The state is now intervening more and more for the protection of the farmer and the worker—of the former by guaranteeing him stable prices, of the latter by restricting the employment of women and children, by fixing compensation for accidents, and by acknowledging the duty of succoring him in unemployment.

Moreover, the more farsighted employer welcomes rather than resents such interference, as he realizes that good conditions are necessary to production and contentment in an industrial democracy, just as he believes in high wages as the foundation of his home market. Again, business itself is demanding the means of restricting cut-throat competition by regulating production to reasonable levels. Rationalization itself is in need of rationalization.

In the face of a growing overseas trade the philosophy of high protection is being subjected to a critical reëxamination. Wrestling with the problem of selling their surplus production abroad, the farmer and the manufacturer are beginning to wonder whether the exaction of debts from their customers is a good introduction to happy business relationships. Anxious to promote the general recovery of prices and confidence, the financier is aware of the paramount necessity of peace and the difficulty of ensuring it without active American participation in the solution of the world's problems.

In a word, the old bottles will not hold the new wine of prosperity. An era of unexampled progress has been brought to a summary end. It was the final flourish of individualism and isolation. A new period is now beginning in which prosperity will be gradually rebuilt, for the foundations are firm, but by methods based on the needs of the new world rather than the habits of the old.

COMING EVENTS

AUSTRIA

SALZBURG. *July 25-August 30*, Salzburg Festivals; *August 9*, International Automobile and Motorcycle Races.

TAMSWEG. *August 17, 18*, Historical Shooting Contest.

VIENNA. *June 22-26*, Rotary Convention; *July-August*, Daily Concerts, Plays, and Dance Recitals in the open at the Burggarten; *July 5-12*, International Workmen's Olympiad; *7, 8*, International Automobile Race through Alps; *August*, International Congress of Professional Women, Exhibition of Nordic Caricatures.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BRNO. *June 15-July 31*, Exhibition of Bohemian Glass; *June 15-August 31*, Anthropos Exhibition.

KYJOV. *July 5-12*, Slovak Ethnographic Festivities.

LIBEREC. *August 15-21*, Sample Fair with Technical Show.

LUHAČOVICE. *June 23-28*, International Fencing Match; *August 9-14*, International Light Athletic and Amateur Dancing Competition.

PARDUBICE. *June 15-August 31*, Exhibition of Sport and Physical Culture of the Czechoslovak Republic; *June 28*, Gymnastic Performances; *July 1-4*, Meeting of the Czechoslovak Boy Scouts; *2-6*, Championship Junior Tennis Matches; *5-6*, Workmen's Gymnastic Performances, Shooting Match; *August 1-2*, Meeting of Czechoslovak Chess Players; *22-23*, International Races and Volley-Ball and Basket-Ball Tournaments; *30*, Women's Games Competition.

PRAGUE. *June 27-28*, Athletic Championship Matches for Men; *July 4-5*, Athletic Championship Matches for Women; *26*, Swimming Meet; *August*, Exhibition of Modern Dwellings; *5*,

Football Match: Switzerland v. Czechoslovakia; Athletic Match for Women: Czechoslovakia v. Poland.

VELEHRAD. *July 5*, Pilgrimage in National Costumes.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *June 15*, Flag Day; *23*, St. John's Eve.

COPENHAGEN. *July 14-17*, International Dairy Congress; *14-19*, National Dairy Exhibition.

ENGLAND

ASCOT. *June 16-19*, Royal Ascot Week, Racing.

EASTBOURNE. *August 1-3*, Tennis: Harvard and Yale v. Oxford and Cambridge.

GRASMERE. *August 8*, Rush-Bearing; *15*, Wrestling, Races.

LONDON. *June 18-27*, International Horse Show; *27*, Royal Air-Force Pageant at Hendon; *27, 29, 30*, Cricket Match: England v. New Zealand; *29-July 4*, Second International Congress of the History of Science and Technology; *July*, Royal Academy Art Exhibition; *6-8*, Cricket Match: Oxford v. Cambridge; *8*, British Empire Garden Party at Roehampton; *14*, National Carnation Show; *18*, Athletics: Harvard and Yale v. Oxford and Cambridge at Stamford Bridge; *20-28*, Ninth Festival of International Society for Contemporary Music; *August*, Promenade Concert Season; *3*, Motor Racing at Brooklands; *7*, Agricultural Show at Tring; *19-27*, Confectionery Exhibition at the Olympia.

MALVERN. *August 1-15*, English Folk-Dance Society Summer School; *3-23*, Dramatic Festival.

OXFORD. *June 22-28*, Commemoration Week; *July 22-24*, Grand National Archery Meet.

SOUTHAMPTON. *June 20-27*, International Motor-Boat Week.

SOUTHPORT. *August 26-28*, Flower Show.

STONEHENGE. *June 24*, Midsummer Morning Ceremony.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *June 29*, Opening of Shakespeare Summer Dramatic Festival.

TORQUAY. *August 24-25*, Royal Regatta.

GERMANY

BAYREUTH. *July 21-August 15*, Wagner Operas.

BIBERACH. *July 6, 7, 12*, Historical Children's Festival.

BRESLAU. *June 20, 21*, Silesian Singers' Association Festival.

BÜSUM. *July 26*, Aviation Day.

ESSEN. *July 4-August 15*, Film Exposition.

FLensburg. *August 23*, Singing and Dancing Festival.

HEIDELBERG. *July 15-August 1*, Heidelberg Festival Plays in Castle Courtyard.

LEIPZIG. *August 30*, Opening of German Eastern Fair.

MARBURG. *July 5*, Folk and Costume Festival.

MUNICH. *June 20*, Opening of the 'Woman of To-day' Exposition; *July 18-August 25*, Wagner and Mozart Festivals; *August 8-31*, Schiller Cycle.

NÜRBURGRING. *July 19*, Automobile Race for Grand Prize of Germany.

TRIBERG. *June 27-29*, South German Festival.

WARNEMÜNDE. *August 2*, Aviation Day.

WASSERKUPPE. *July 25-August 9*, Rhön Glider Contest.

WEISSENBURG. *June 14-August 30*, Performances of the Bavarian State Theatre; *August 8, 9*, Passion Play of the Catholic Laborers' Association.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August 31*, Queen Wilhelmina's Birthday.

THE HAGUE. *August*, Exhibition of Old Dutch and Flemish Masters.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. *June 21*, Hungarian Derby; *28-29*, International Rowing Match; *August 15-16*, Water Polo: Czechoslovakia v. Hungary; *16-21*, St. Stephen's Week Celebrations.

IRELAND

CURRAGH. *June 23-25*, Irish Derby.

DUBLIN. *June 17-23*, Royal Society of Architects' Conference; *August 4-7*, Horse Show; *8-16*, Tailteann Games, Golf Championship.

COUNTY MAYO. *July 26*, Pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick.

SCOTLAND

BRIDGE OF ALLAN. *August 1*, Highland Games.

DUNOON. *June 26-July 7*, Royal Clyde Fortnight Yachting.

GLASGOW. *July 20*, Scottish Amateur Golf Championship Matches at Prestwick.

ST. ANDREWS. *August 11-15*, Eden Golf Tournament.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. *June 22-29*, International Tennis Tournament; *August 15-31*, Matisse Exhibition.

BERN. *July 24-27*, Swiss Music Festival; *July 24-August 31*, First Swiss Exhibition of Hygienics and Sports.

GENEVA. *June 27, 28*, Swiss Costume Fête.

INTERLAKEN. *June 14-August 30*, William Tell Play Performances; *August 8, 15, 22*, International Dancing Competition and Fashion Show.

JUNGFRAUJOCH. *July 11-12*, Fourteenth International Summer Ski Race.

LUCERNE. *July 18*, Night Fête on the Lake.

ST. MORITZ. *July 12*, Summer Ski Race; *August 17-23*, International Motor-Car Week.

CORRESPONDENCE

IT IS ONLY natural that the variety of our contents should produce a variety of responses from our readers, whose own interests are as widespread as the topics we cover in our articles. Three recent communications show how widely our services are being enjoyed. Ralph Beaver Strassburger, a member of our Advisory Council living in Paris, writes: 'I have followed the work of your magazine with ever increasing admiration. It is doing excellent work, the importance of which cannot be overestimated.' In the same mail we received this comment from Mrs. J. B. Baird, a Birmingham, Alabama, subscriber: 'THE LIVING AGE has been one of the mediums through which I have, during several years of quiet domesticity, been able to brush up against the brilliant minds of to-day and thereby lose nothing by this "stay-at-home-mind-the-childrenness." Rather do I gain much delightful companionship to which THE LIVING AGE has largely contributed.' And from Boonton, New Jersey, still another subscriber, Mr. G. N. Vincent, writes as follows: 'I am an old subscriber to your magazine. I appreciate it as I do no other. In fact it has but one fault—that of making me lose my appreciation for others.'

Miss Elizabeth Lee Robinson of Louisville, Kentucky, offers a clear—and flattering—definition of what the words 'LIVING AGE' have come to mean to her.

967 S. FOURTH STREET
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

TO THE EDITOR:—

May I say that I know of no better definition of the title of your magazine than that it is, to me, just what its words imply—the voice and embodiment of this, our day—in a word, a continuous presentation of our age in the making, its current life in thought, achieve-

ment, and personality. And may I take this opportunity to say that though I have access to many of our prominent publications I know of none which so fully embodies the spirit of its title as does THE LIVING AGE.

Respectfully yours,
ELIZABETH LEE ROBINSON

Suggestions from our readers are always welcome, especially when they contain a specific criticism or new idea. A lieutenant in the United States Navy urges us to print fewer book reviews and to devote more space to our other departments. We shall welcome any agreements or disagreements that his argument may stimulate.

U. S. SUBMARINE O-2, NAVY YARD
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

In spite of the fact that I am now beginning to regard myself as an 'old subscriber,' I hesitate to send in a critical letter. In fact, 'this hurts me worse than it does you,' since I am a book-review fiend.

It seems to me that too much space is devoted to the reviews of foreign books. *In themselves*, it must be admitted that the reviews are always interesting, and presumably always honest—the latter fact making them practically unique. But at best they can be only sidelights, whereas I conceive THE LIVING AGE as a whole to be a direct-beam searchlight, thrown by various skilled operators upon the conditions of the foreign scene. In the March issue, exactly ten per cent of the reading space is devoted to these reviews. I consider this entirely too large a mixture, although I shall read every word of the reviews with interest.

My suggestion is this: Give some of this space to 'Persons and Personages,' 'The World Over,' and 'As Others See Us.' Periodically publish a one- or two-page résumé or chronological list covering and condensing some subject of universal interest to those who read THE LIVING AGE. A few of these are: settlements made by League of Nations; public

treaties now in effect, and when-made; list of armaments, 1913 and 1930; quotations from official sources, showing policy of the major powers in regard to some important international question. Such compilations would be invaluable, particularly to those of your readers who are isolated.

The above is not in the nature of a complaint, for I would cheerfully pay double the price of *THE LIVING AGE*—the one magazine I consider indispensable to the person who wishes to keep 'abreast of the times' in other matters than carburetors and dress suits.

Yours very truly,

C. L. WINECOFF

Hot weather is upon us. The 'silly season' has begun. And with it comes this anonymous ripost to Claude Blanchard's 'Madcap America,' translated in *THE LIVING AGE* last winter.

TO THE EDITOR:—

You will never get my subscription because I believe you have sold out to the liquor crowd or you would not have allowed the article by the Frenchman to be published that you did several months ago. I have not even looked at your magazine since because you permitted so many things that you must have known were palpable lies to be in his article. That fellow may be honest but he was deluded by the information he received from the crowd he

traveled with when in this country. You know that there is not one gill of any kind of liquor sold now where there used to be a gallon. I have for fifty years spent time and money in helping the bums and outcasts that the liquor trade has made. I spent my boyhood among some of the old-time saloons and their proprietors and their habitués are all dead and gone and many of their offspring are suffering from disease and defective bodies and minds because of inherited alcoholism and you are trying to keep the poor poorer.

You have been carried away by the alarming cry of the defeated whiskey crowd and you think that you are going to gain subscriptions by it but I am confident that it will prove a boomerang and you will lose by it. I am not signing my name but for all I know you might give it out to the cutthroats who are killing people all over the country because they are being pushed to the wall by the decent citizenry of the country and all I hope, as a man who voted for Woodrow Wilson twice, that the Democrats will again nominate Smith on a wet platform and the next time his burial will be so deep that there can never be a resurrection.

While disclaiming any intention to make the poor poorer,—except by our six-dollar subscription price,—we cannot help reminding our nameless correspondent that the Volstead Act was passed over Woodrow Wilson's veto.

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

ALBERT BALLIN, the late steamship magnate who built up the Hamburg-American Line, once said that it was a curious fact that the three greatest men in world history were Jews—Moses, Jesus, and a third who, he added, stood so close to him that he preferred not to call him by name. That man was Walter Rathenau, former German foreign minister and president of the General Electric Company of Germany, who was assassinated in 1922. Since that time his reputation has grown steadily, partly as a result of Count Harry Kessler's admirable biography, published in the United States by Harcourt, Brace and Company, and partly as a result of his letters, which are gradually being assembled and published. The group that we offer here were written to a young married woman—who, Rathenau thought, was single and who wrote him out of a clear sky expressing her admiration for his character. Most of them are translated from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, a few appeared only in the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

MAXIM LITVINOV, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, is the subject of an entertaining essay that reveals him as a typical bourgeois in the ranks of the revolutionists. Perhaps Litvinov's middle-class instincts account for his success as a trouble-maker among his fellow middle-class diplomats at Geneva, but M. Dmitriyevski seems to think that he is riding for a fall.

SHORT stories are not a monthly feature of THE LIVING AGE, but when we find a good one we are always glad to print it. 'Murder à la Carte' by Jean

Toussaint Samat presents an original plan for poisoning one's friends by skillful combinations of rare foods.

ALDOUS HUXLEY has written a play about spiritualism entitled *The World of Light* which has turned out to be the sensation of the year in London. Desmond MacCarthy, dramatic editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* and editor of *Life and Letters*, tells what it is about and leaves one with the feeling that a possible successor to Bernard Shaw has arrived, since Mr. Huxley has shown real skill in giving important ideas theatrical value.

TWO striking treatments of two eminent Americans appear in our 'Persons and Personages' department. Harold Laski denounces Mr. Hoover in terms that would have done credit to the late *New York World*. He writes from the point of view of the British Labor Party, which means that he assumes that the policies of every great modern state should have some connection with the well-being of the masses. Of equal interest is Dr. Richard Lewinsohn's amusing description of a visit to the house of Morgan. Dr. Lewinsohn has been traveling through the United States as a special correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, to whose financial pages he has often contributed.

IN THE death of Robert W. de Forest, the nation loses one of its most distinguished public figures and the Advisory Council of THE LIVING AGE one of its most valued members. As president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the Russell Sage Foundation, Mr. de Forest showed a devotion to both philanthropic and cultural work. We take this occasion to express our admiration for his life and our regret at his death.

WAR AND PEACE

THE cynic tells us that the renunciation of war is mere words. So are the Ten Commandments; so is the Constitution of the United States; so is any treaty which by the usual processes of negotiation and ratification has become the supreme law of the land. All these are mere words, nothing but words, from the cynic's viewpoint. Men of clearer vision and wiser judgment, however, see in these words the written and spoken record of acts of thought and of will, of determination and of purpose. 'With words we govern men,' wrote Disraeli long ago.

All that is needed to make any one of these mere words effective is that those who have uttered them or subscribed to them shall keep the faith. If faithlessness be assumed to be the certain accompaniment of any one of these mere words, why should it not be assumed to be the accompaniment of them all? If governments are not to be expected to keep their word when they renounce war, why should they be expected to keep their word when they make treaties of amity and commerce or when they agree together to limit naval armaments?—*Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.*

I do not think that the Soviets are a danger to the peace of Europe; in truth, the Soviets are afraid of war. If delegates of the *Petite Entente* meet, they immediately imagine a conspiracy is on foot against them; of this I am sure they are wrong. No, I do not think that the U.S.S.R. threatens European peace.—*Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Socialist leader and former Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

The more Europe pays the United States, the less likelihood is there of that continent's coming near the abyss of war.—*Professor Harold J. Laski, London University.*

The Department of State has often been called the peace department of our government. In the broadest possible sense this is true, because the main duty of the department in defending and promoting American interests abroad is to do it in such manner that the rest of the world shall appreciate that the United States means always to be just, fair-

minded, and generous. Justice, fair-mindedness, generosity on the part of all nations would make war impossible.

The temper of governments and people has changed. You have no idea how keenly alive the Foreign Offices of the nations are to the necessity of instant settlement, through quiet diplomatic discussion, of little disagreements, minor irritations; which a few years ago might have been allowed to drift until passions were roused.—*William R. Castle, Jr., Under Secretary of State.*

Some figures given recently in the House of Commons are significant. According to them, France spent 110 per cent more in 1930 than in 1924 on armaments, Italy spent 36 per cent more, and Britain spent 10 per cent less. We do not suggest that these figures are conclusive; the ability of statisticians to prove anything that politicians ask them to prove is well known. But there is no doubt that expenditure on what is euphemistically known as 'defense' is an increasingly heavy drain on French financial resources.—*'Week-end Review,' London Independent Conservative Weekly.*

We must endeavor to effect intellectual and spiritual coöperation among the nations for the purpose of advancing human knowledge in science and literature and also of eliminating the feeling of suspicion and misgiving as well as the sense of selfishness and hatred so detrimental to the peace and happiness of mankind.—*Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States.*

Disarmament is the real issue for the League of Nations. To-day a peace atmosphere pervades the world in a way such as would not have been dreamed of generations ago. From almost all points of view the League has achieved great success, but there are still some nations determined not to disarm in spite of their undertaking to the League to do so. The seven great powers spend £580,000,000 a year on their war budgets. Great Britain and France spend 70 per cent of their budgets on the results of wars and in preparation for future wars.—*General Smuts, former Premier of Union of South Africa.*